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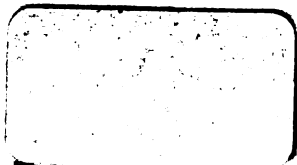
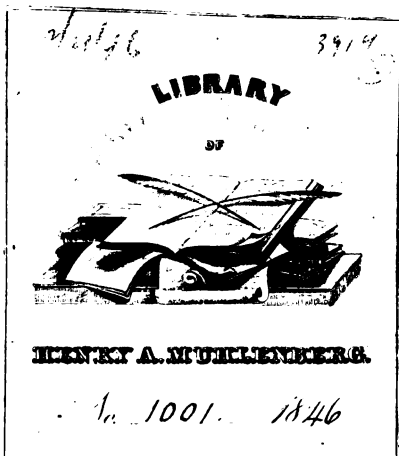
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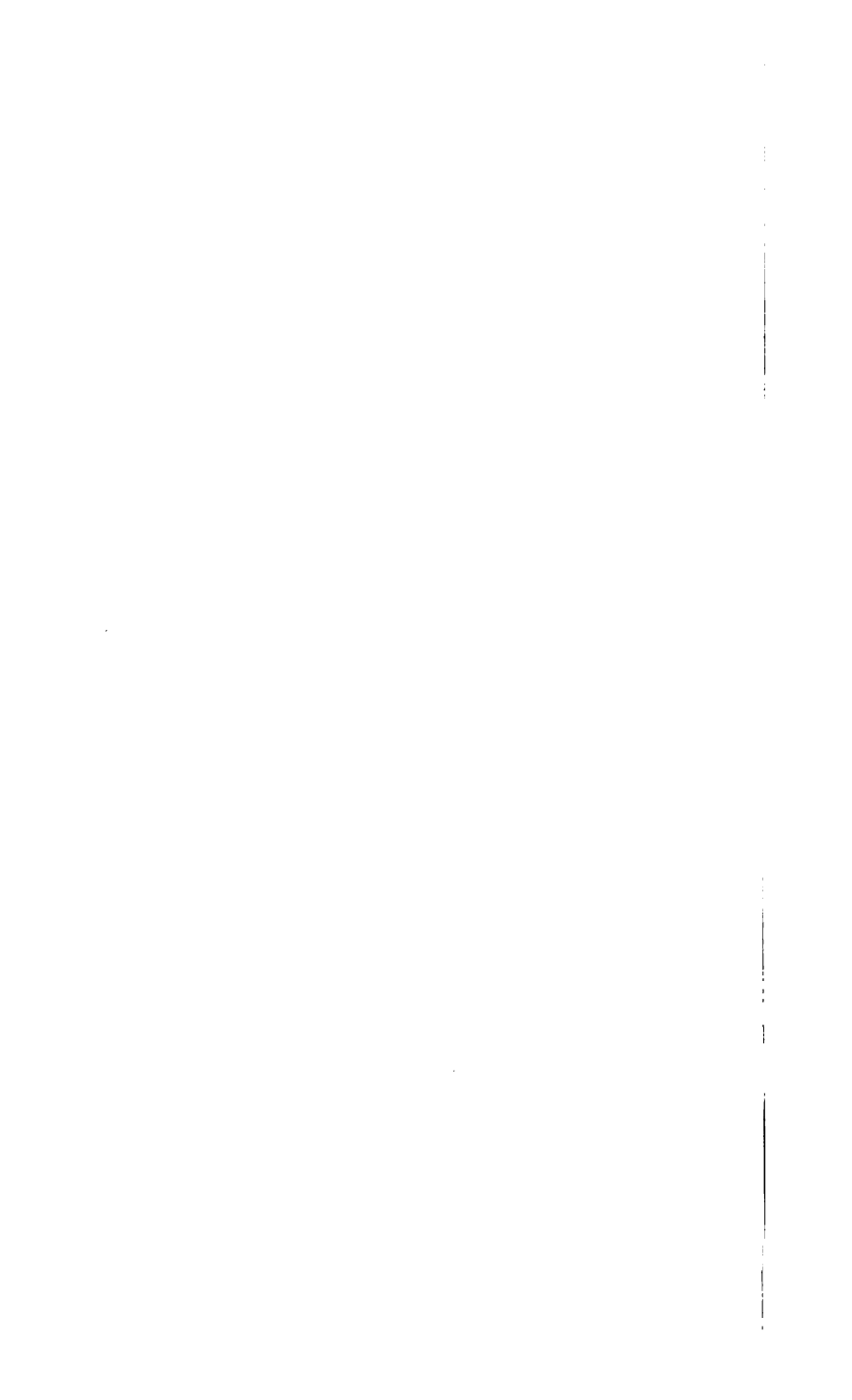


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MIDSHIPMAN'S EXPEDIENTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"RATTLIN THE REEFER;"

AND OTHER TALES,

BY

CELEBRATED WRITERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

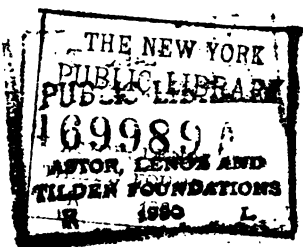
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MIDSHIPMAN'S EXPEDIENTS;

OR,

THE DEPUTY CLEAN SHIRT.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY E. HOWARD, ESQ.

Author of "RATTLIN THE REEFER," &c. &c.

A CLEAN shirt and a shilling—a light heart and a thin pair of—of—of refinements—these, as the old song says, "will go through the world, my brave boys." The remark is profound, and, at the same time, eminently practical. We shall not stop here to inquire what is "going through the world," for, as all that are in, will go out of it sooner perhaps than they expect, sooner certainly than they desire, we will not follow up a subject that leads us on so rapidly, and to where it is so doleful to be led.

A clean shirt and a light heart. Blessed, and thrice blessed appendages to mortality! But, alas! they are not always the attendants on the deserving; for, had such been the case, our worthy friend, Horace Elmsford, would not have awaked one blustering Sunday morning in October, without either. At half-past seven o'clock on that memorable day he was situated on this earth's surface, or rather on a portion of the waters that cover this earth, sixteen miles south and by west three quarters west from Cape Ceci.

Already was his hammockman importunately stand-

B

ing by the youth so unwilling to turn out, already had it been notified to him that seven bells had been struck, and that the officer of the watch was impatient that the stowing of the hammocks should be completed; and that, for his, Mr. Horace Elmsford's particular hammock, they were only waiting to cover in with the white Sunday-fine hammock clothes. He turned listlessly from side to side; though he could find no pleasure in his bed, he had no inducement to rise—he had neither a clean shirt nor a light heart.

It will be sufficient, in this place, to tell my friends that Mr. Horace Elmsford was a passed midshipman, a proud and a poor man, the son of a man about as poor and a great deal prouder. Horace's father was a barrister, with infinitely more integrity than practice, and having a contempt of every thing mean, and base, and pettifogging, he was shunned by the attorneys as a walking libel upon the law—or, more properly speaking, the practice of it.

Men of such stern and unbending principles should be quietly despatched, and no coroner's inquests permitted to be held upon the bodies if they should happen to be found; for such monsters of virtue entirely destroy the general-felicity principle—the fashionable one of the day—the greatest happiness to the greatest number; for is it not evident, when the majority are content to be little better than rogues, that the annoyance occasioned by one thoroughly just man among the community must be tremendous. Though Barrister Elmsford was not dead in nature, he was dead in law. He was neither brow-beaten by the judge, cut by his seniors, or elbowed by his juniors, or pestered by hungry solicitors—he never had a cause. However, he had something better—a small patrimony. Upon this he lived, if without ostentation, without debt, endeavouring, to the extent of his limited

means, to right the wronged, and to extend everywhere that circle of proud content in which he lived—a neglected, but honest man.

Horace was his only son. His father had well educated him on shore, and, at the age of fourteen, had sent him to serve his country in his majesty's navy. The youth had done so with honour to himself and advantage to the profession. He had now some months served his time, and had passed his examination for the rank of lieutenant, and was, at present, waiting for that promotion that was to be effected by an interest—that he had yet to acquire.

We have before acquainted our friends where the hero of this, our short tale, was exactly to be found at its opening. If any person is at all curious about the matter, he or she may take a pair of compasses, and a parallel ruler, and identify the very spot. But Horace was not in the angry waves buffeting them for his life, nor yet in a cradle of wicker-work, built after the fashion of our progenitors; he was in his hammock, in a large tub of an oblongated shape called an old 98-gun ship—a first rate in the books of the Admiralty and the Navy List, and no where else. However, she carried in her dark recess a very decent quantity of that human aliment for powder, of which kings and conquerors are so lavish. Horace himself was a delicate more. That war had not yet snapped up, though the bloody-fanged monster had often made a few shrewd gripes at him.

Who does not know, who knows any thing, the slovenly, blundering, leewardly three decker, the Old Harfleur. A ship that never went to windward excepting when she was towed. Every body who ever belonged to her was always trying to get out of her, and nobody ever got into her that could help it. It is not pleasant to belong to a vessel that never could

get into action in time, if things were going on well, or out of it at all if it were necessary to run away. Thanks to the gallantry of the British navy, the last predicament never occurred; for if it had, the old drogher would have been belaboured into a mummy, and gone down a well filled slaughterhouse: for I don't think that the ship that had been victorious in every general action for a century, *could have struck*.

After all, the old Harfleur, though going to pieces, was not a crack ship. She was, therefore, a sort of refuge for the destitute, a floating prison for supernumerary midshipmen and supererogatory pursers and marine officers. Her ship's company was, also, the worst in the fleet. A great part of them were the elected of the jails. It was a happy thing for the gallant baronet who commanded them, that the chances were but small that he should ever be required to march through Coventry with them; though no one knew better how to lead them into action: after all, they would, and did cut a better figure there than at Coventry.

How Horace Elmsford came in this wise, (to use a good old phrase) to be a supernumerary passed midshipman on board of H. M. S., Harfleur. He had very recently belonged to the 18-gun brig, the Bulfinch, but this vessel feeling too strong an inclination to "warble her native wood-notes wild" through her thirty-two pound carronades, had got too close in-shore with the French batteries, and whilst they struck her, she struck the ground. When night came, the officers and crew abandoned the vessel, and taking to their boats, set fire to her. The ship's company and officers, however, saved their personal effects, and they, with them, were distributed among the ships of the Toulon fleets.

Now, a year, or perhaps a year and a half before

Horace was beaten out of his ship, he was completely cheated of his affections, but by a person who ought to have known better. He had, for a very short space of time, moved in a remarkably high and select circle, among the stars of the aristocracy. Being a decidedly handsome young fellow, he had been much petted. All the young ladies, yes, all who were not actually engaged, had made love to him. They did not mean any thing by it, sweet innocent souls!—how could they?—he was only a boy and a midshipman. How could the Ladies Louisa and Amelia, and the Honourable Misses Montalbert and Fontaineblanque, suppose that the son of a poor lawyer, though in the prettiest naval uniform imaginable, could, for a moment, ever think of forming an alliance with persons so exclusive as themselves? Their supposed immunity from such presumption was the cause of blinding poor Horace with many sweet but dangerous immunities to himself. They fondled this untamed midshipman like a tame monkey. The consequences were very natural—he fell deeply in love with one of them.

She was a sweet, blue-eyed young creature, that would have loved Horace to distraction if it had been at all proper. Midshipmen's leave of absence are not so durable as the long vacations. Horace had declared himself in a week, and the young lady had declared it all very foolish every day after; but what was not either very wise or very humane on her part, she gave him the opportunity of repeating the declaration twenty times a day.

One day, the pet midshipman had behaved very ill to the lady; he had either taken, or refused when he might have taken, some little innocent endearment, and the young lady, in her anger, had at last consented that he should speak to the Earl, her papa. She was

very sorry for it afterwards, as they were to have been partners, at least in six sets, in that evening's dance. Half an hour after the fatal permission had been granted, the young officer rushed into the presence of his lady-love little better than a maniac.

"O! Bella, Bella!" he exclaimed, dashing about frantically his clustering curls, "I am the most miserable of wretches!"

"What has happened, Horace?"

"Your father has actually turned me out of the house."

"Why then were you so rude to me this morning?" said the lady, with half a tear in each eye, and a whole pout upon her lip.—

"Heavens and earth! what has that to do with the question? my peace of mind is wrecked—my heart seared—all my future prospects blighted."

"How could you be so foolish as to go to my father?"

"Did you not consent? are you as false as fair? are you?"—

"Dear Horace, don't fret yourself so much; how you do go on! pray, sir, do you think no one suffers but yourself? who is to console me for the loss of a partner in at least six dances at the ball this evening? and here we have been practising the figure for four mornings together;—and no other person in uniform."

"Do you love me? Did you ever love me?" said the impassioned youth.

"Yes, yes; as much as a very young person like myself, and a very dutiful daughter, ought—perhaps, Horace, a little more.—Mercy, me! That's papa's bell! How furiously he is ringing! do go, Horace, I should never be able to support a scene!"—

"One word!"—

"No, no?"—

"A token."—

"Impossible."—

"My heart is broken!"—

"My father's bell again! I declare I hear him on the stairs."

"Farewell, for ever!"—He wrung her hand for an instant, and, in doing so, he plucked from it quite unconsciously on both parts, I presume, her embroidered white cambric pocket handkerchief; he thrust it in his bosom, flew down the stairs, overturned the gouty old porter in the hall, hurried to Portsmouth, and, before his furlough was expired, was walking the deck a disconsolate lover.

Now, any young man of nineteen, who has not a virtuous and heroical passion, confessed or unconfessed, providing that he had a fair opportunity of falling in love, must be endued with a heart that ought to rank but one degree above a frost-bitten turnip. A chaste aspiration of this description, at once elevates the mind and purifies the taste. The passion not only burns in the youthful bosom with a generous warmth, but throws also a pure light round the mind, that shows at once the hideousness of vice, and makes us abhor what else we might eventually have been tempted even to embrace.

This lone relic, this cambric handkerchief, Horace treasured with a care almost pious; but—for is there not always a vein of earth running through every thing mortal?—this treasure, through much fondling and handling, at last became a most unfit subject for the laundress. True it is, Horace might have washed it with his tears, and dried it either with his sighs, or in his bosom, but he did not, he only got it nicely cleansed and ironed; and then wrapping it carefully up in some of the finest silver paper that he could procure, he deposited it in leaves of lavender in the sanctum

sanctorum of his sea-chest. In my opinion he did as much as a devoted lover could have been reasonably required to do. He cared for it more than the person who once owned it, appeared to care for him.

Now we come to the crisis of our tale. When Horace Elmsford was drafted into H. M. S. Harfleur, he was in absolute possession of a very indifferent kit of clothes—a *grande passion* a little the worse for wear, and a beautiful, clean, cambric handkerchief, with a coronet delicately worked in the middle of it.

When Horace came on board, the midshipman of the brig was contemptuously looked down upon by the magnates of the first-rate. Being utterly unknown he was consequently friendless; being friendless, he was grievously oppressed. He could be nobody.—The lieutenants affected to forget his name, and sent for the “Brig’s Midshipman.” The captain’s steward forgot to ask him to dine with his master. He had not yet hob-and-nobbed in the ward-room. Mr. Midshipman Tomkins had astonished him by a description of the splendors of his father’s one-horse *shay*; and Mr. master’s mate Mucksallow had assured him that his mother kept two maids besides a boy. The lover of Lady Isabella Montescue was surrounded by a set of somebodies.

Would that it were permitted to me to make a digression upon shirts. Out of England, they are the most ill-used article in existence. All else over the world how villanously are they assassinated under the shallow pretence of washing them. In America they Europe them, that is, a bevy of coal-black nymphs get them into a running stream, and with a bat in one hand, they pound them, and bethwack them on a piece of rock, crying, “Europe, Europe!” at every blow. When this operation is over they look white enough, certainly, but the little that remains of them would

make excellent lint for the dressings of gun-shot wounds. If these friends, whom we cherish next to our bodies, are thus scurvily treated in the west, they are still worse off in the East Indies. But I cannot dilate on this subject; neither my time nor my temper will permit it. But I must shake out a drop of indignation from the vial of my wrath on the *blanciss-cusses* of the paltry third-rate towns of the Mediterranean.

Immediately that a man of war arrived in one of these receptacles for sin, the ship was besieged by applicants, some in full dress, with swords by their sides, each with a long certificate, soliciting for the honour of washing the stockings and shirts of the English lords. Of course some of the applicants got them, and the day after, all the respectable part of the township appeared in clean linen. When every third man, not actually a pauper, confessed himself a noble, this accession of linen was a public benefit,—a little certainly to the exasperation of the benefactors. Yet it ought to have been considered only as an act of national courtesy, to lend the aristocracy of our allies a change of linen! and had it not involved a very serious mischief, I should never have complained of it; but, unfortunately, these articles were never brought on board until the fore-top-sail was sheeted home, and then only half washed, and entirely damp; and, after a Sicilian dandy has worn your shirt for a week, it were as well, not only that it had been well washed, but well ironed also.

This episode is not altogether irrelevant to the subject; for, considering the dangers to which an officer's stock was exposed about a quarter of a century ago, who can be surprised that a midshipman was often forced, for want of a clean shirt, to have recourse to all manner of shifts?

On the Sunday morning in October, in which our *conte veredique* opens the scarcity of clean shirts in the cockpit of his Majesty's ship *Harfleur* was alarming, and quite as annoying as that of bullion at present in our money-market. Including the captain's clerk and the master's mates, with the midshipmen, there were just thirty cockpitionians, and they were enabled to muster only five clean shirts and a half among them. At that time of honesty and single-mindedness, false collars were not, and dickeys, but newly invented, were mentioned with horror. The uniform coat and waistcoat were both single-breasted; thus, there was no buttoning up to the chin, and covering a deficiency with a military air; and there was also a proverb at that time rife in the navy—"not to have a collar to one's shirt, was tantamount to being a scoundrel." There was no room for disguise, or rather too much room to practise it successfully, excepting by the deeply initiated.

On the previous Sunday, much amusement had been afforded to the captain and the ward-room officers, by the many subterfuges that had been resorted to, to make the necessary appearance at divisions; and one reefer had actually been discovered ensconcing himself in all the shady places that he could find on the main-deck, who had made to himself a clean collar of writing-paper.

The ship had already been at sea fourteen weeks, during which time the English fleet, under fighting old Sir Edward Pellew, had been using every stratagem to draw the enemy out. We certainly put forth our most winning ways, looking at times so innocent and so sheepish, that we might have tempted any-body but a Frenchman to have come out and played with us. Twice we did get them far enough from the shore to enable us to exchange courtesies, but they

quickly made their bow before we had time to give them one-fiftieth part of the welcome we had intended.

Is it in Pelham, or Vivian Grey, or in some other very, very fashionable novel, or in all of them, that the male toilet of the hero is described?—the various brushes, the multiplied and the ingeniously contrived instruments, the vessels of cut glass, and of silver and gold, the fragrant oils, and the volotalized essences of the exquisite on shore, have been described with minuteness, and read with avidity. Shall, then, the sea-going midshipman have no record of his labours at personal embellishment—midshipmen, of whom it may be truly said, when in full blow, that, “they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not like one of them.” We will answer for it he was not.

With more perplexity of thought than ever afflicted mathematician over an insoluble problem, after much unwillingness to quit his hammock, Horace Elmsford joined his assembled messmates in the midshipmen's berth, and hid the sorrows of his countenance in the steams of his hot bergoo. Coming from a brig, he was of little estimation with his fellows; they insulted him up to that point that did not quite provoke him to knock them down; and that morning, the question of, “How are you off for soap?” came with fearful intensity upon his auricular organ. However, something must be done, and the business of Adonizing was at length commenced; yet few dared to hope for any thing like success in that operation so pleasurable to the young, so anxious to persons of a certain standing, and so very distressing to those who have fallen into the “sear and yellow leaf” of ugliness and age.

Shortly, the larboard and starboard berths were de-

sented, and the cockpit filled. Will you walk in, gentlemen?—you cannot, at first, very well distinguish objects, on account of the misty and yellow light; but you will soon get accustomed to it, and to the close and cloudy atmosphere, relieved by whiffs from the bilge water up the pump-well, and the smothery odour of mud and tar from the cable tiers. All this may strike at first, but it is nothing, absolutely nothing, when you are used to it. However, till our sight becomes a little more clear, let us listen to the sounds: there is noise enough, and merriment prevails; but it is rather too boisterous and *brayante* to be quite real, though it is an excellent counterfeit truly. There is a sort of auction going on, not very unlike that which takes place of an evening round the newspaper offices, when the little dirty blackguards impede the foot-path, and annoy the ears of the passengers with cries like these,—“Two Globes for a Standard!”—“A Times and a halfpenny for a Sun!”—“A Morning Chronicle for four-pence farthing!”

But our cockpitionian mart began with the offer. “Two dirty shirts for a clean one,”—no takers; clean linen being that morning at a remarkably high premium. At length, the exorbitant price of three was offered—and accepted by all those who had any of the demand on hand. When this was settled as far as the negotiations could go, and the market being quite drained of its supply, the remainder were forced to inspect the first page of the chapter of expedients. The previously worn shirts were examined most scrupulously, and those that appeared to have been the least soiled, laid aside for a second investigation; and at length, with many appeals for advice around, the difficult selection is made, and then commences the arts of coaxing, to rally some strength into the drooping collar, and to give some appearance of firmness

to the discomfited frill. Whilst at best one half of them are thus occupied, let us turn our attention to the remainder.

I withdraw the curtain and place the picture before you: to the extreme left, in sociability of cares, two middies are seated on one chest—one of them is cleaning his teeth, and getting his mouth filled with bristles for his pains, he is not in the best of humours, for hair is not pleasant either to masticate or to swallow, and very difficult to dislodge, and his annoyance is rather increased by being preached at by his brother reefer, who is boasting of his newly discovered faculty of spitting blacking, he expectorates and rubs, and descants and is really as happy as ***** at being able to discharge so much polishing dirt from his mouth. The standing order being, that no lights shall be used in the cockpit without they be secured in lanterns; the consequence is, that the more battered and broken the lantern, the better, as there is less horn to intercept the saffron rays of the purser's dip, which dip is seldom put inside, but generally stuck on the rim of its enjoined preserver. Let us move forward a little, and we shall see another young gentleman performing his ablutions: author of Pelham! canst thou guess how? Thou canst not—and yet I must relate it—as Bardolph remarks, a worn out serving-man will make a fresh tapster, so our young friend has proved that a used shirt will make an efficient towel, and we are sure that Nelson, and those heroes of our brighter naval days, have well experienced the fact.

Being the decided enemy to the doctrine of expediency, let us hurry on to the next group, and we shall find it consist of the midshipmen's servant, and one of his masters, who endeavour between them to affix to its place on the roast beef uniform coat of the

latter, a renegade button. The boy is throwing but a miserable light on the subject, and the reefer is pricking his fingers quite as often as he pierces the unwilling cloth. But we have no room to detail minutely every group of this anxious and attiring thirty; let it suffice to say, that they might be seen in every stage, from all but nudity, to the full togg'd midshipman with gold bound skyscraper clapped on his head jauntily athwart ships.

On a Sunday morning the marine who is placed as sentinel over the light that is always burning in the cockpit, has no sinecure office. His arm is generally made stiff for the ensuing week by continuous brushing. Those also who can boast of the shadow of a beard upon their chins, give, at this important crisis, ample employment to the ship's barber.

In a three decker there is generally some feud between the larboard and the starboard berths, and whilst the young gentlemen are engaged on their sedulous and all engrossing occupation of Adonizing, the opportunity is generally seized for making predatory excursions into the deserted berths. An ill guarded case-bottle of rum is generally the reward of a successful foray of this sort, a dreadful cobbing the attendant upon a failure. We have altered all these things now, in the navy. Little boys, fresh from school, will talk of their injured honour, and oil their Manton hair-triggers at the breath of insult. The young gentlemen, at present, are very prettily behaved young gentlemen indeed; but let neither us nor them, on that account, despise the rough sailor midshipmen, who settled their disputes with their fists, thought more of their country's honour than their own, and nobly supported it too, with Duncan, Howe, and Nelson.

But in the midst of this bustling, bawling, brush-

ing and slopping, we must now discover how our hero was employed. He was just about half as miserable as a man that is going to be hung that day fortnight. His captain had, as yet, scarcely noticed him; the lieutenants had openly slighted him, and even his messmates, and the petty officers of his own class, had hitherto affected a contempt for him. Now where a man has to bear up against an accumulation of contumely, you may take it as a sound philosophical truth, that he will do it with the more chance of success, the better that he is attired. 'Tis hard, very hard, with soiled linen and a threadbare coat, to attempt to look down on perfumed and well dressed pride. Horace felt this, this Sunday morning, and felt it bitterly. He had performed his lavations with scrupulosity, his clothes were still good and neat, and he had both his hat and boots in the best order; but he had shipped his last clean shirt on the previous Sunday. Though he knew he had but thirteen, he still continued to count them over and over again, as if the art of enumerating them would increase their number.

Mr. Peter Wilkins, the son of a wholesale cheesemonger in Tooley Street, and whose father was the deputy of the ward; and Mr. Jacob Filkins, the son of a retail grocer (but still in a large way,) ready dressed for muster, stood over poor Horace, insulting him with their pity, and irritating him by their remarks.

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Peter Wilkins, looking complacently on his own proudly emblazoned frill, and acting the compassionate, "he hayn't got never a clean shirt, what in the world will he do?"

"Sham Ab'ram, skulk, go on the sick list; brig mitchmite, poor, shabby." Mr. Jacob Filkins loved to be sententious, but he did not so much love the looks

that his sententiousness had brought upon him from its object. "Yes," said Peter to his friend Jacob, "you come to the point at once. Now you know, Filkins, folks who are nobodies, and the sons of nobodies, may do very well for cutters and brigs, and craft of that sort, and pass for gentlemen there too, but young gentlemen who belong to line-of-battle ships ought to be the sons of somebodies; now my father allows me forty pounds a year, Filkins, which you know very well; and mother, Mrs. Deputy Wilkins, as the top gentry always call her in our ward, takes care that my rig out never disgraces the ship: why, I have six and thirty linen shirts!"

"I know you have," said his Achates, "and I've got almost as many, and five of them are clean yet; but I could not demean myself, you know," looking significantly upon poor Horace.

"No, you couldn't, Filkins. Must not disguise every body that is nobody, like a gentleman, or I would lend the poor devil one myself."

"Beggars—on horseback—ride to the devil," said Filkins.

And thus these two city-sprung worthies mutually inflated the pride of each other. Poor innocents! they knew not all this time how near they were to the verge of danger. Still they stood over Elmsford, marking his every article as he plucked them forth separately from his chest. At length the searcher after clean linen had made a very decent pile of clothes upon the deck, for now he had nearly routed to the very bottom of this massive receptacle of his goods and chattels. Still the two youths, Wilkins and Filkins, looked down upon his labours with all variations of superciliousness.

"I'm thinking, Mr. Filkins," said the son of the Deputy, "that they'll beat off to divisions in no time,

and this brig's midshipmate will be mast-headed for the rest of the day. I say, come here, all of ye—look at Elmsford—he's raving mad. See here, he's flinging his duds all out of his chest—foh! here's a kit for you," continued the orator, giving the pile of garments that lay on the deck a most contemptuous spurn with his foot.

"And a kick for you," said the enraged Horace, starting up, and sent the astonished Wilkins some feet off by the vigour of the application, until he was brought up by falling down into a basin of well used soap and water, that effectually spoiled the frill and collar of his clean shirt for that day.

"My friend," said Filkins interposing his long nose.

"Hand him that," replied Horace, striking this said interposing nose smartly over its bridge. As the water gushed forth from the rock, when stricken by the wand of Moses, so rushed forth the sanguineous streams from the magnificent organ of Filkins; and thus, in less than one minute, were two clean shirts spoiled.

"I'll have the satisfaction of a gentleman, the moment we get on shore," said Wilkins, putting on another shirt.

"And so will I," said Filkins, pulling off his bloody one.

"Then you'll get more than you are entitled to," said Horace, working away at his chest.

"Low fellow—brig's midshipman—father would astonish him ashore," muttered Wilkins.

"Very low—how he would stare—our villa at Peckham—green verandah—American aloes—in a small sugar-cask—painted and varnished—looks like a vase—had him there—know who's who," replied Filkins.

After all, the petty cares of life are the most annoying—the most subduing. We can meet great misfortunes with firmness, and bear up nobly against terrible reverses. Is our country invaded, our fields plundered, and our lives, and the lives of those who are dear to us threatened, we gird up our loins like strong men; our step becomes more proud; there is even a smile of haughtiness and defiance upon our countenances. In a struggle of this sort we may be destroyed, but the better part of us, the soul, cannot be overcome.

But to appear among our equals mean, ridiculous, sordid, beggarly; those are the stings that enter into and fester the heart of the proud man. Horace Elmsford would much rather have marched up to a well served battery, than have faced the annoyances of that Sunday morning.

But he was not entirely without resource. The genius of love was, all this terrible time of tribulation, watching near him. He was too proud to feign sickness to avoid the muster; he had reached the very bottom of his chest, and in despair. At length he saw imbedded in lavender sprigs, and delicately envelopped in clean writing paper, the well starched and immaculate cambric handkerchief that he had taken from the lady Isabella. He opened it out, and looked upon it wistfully. He threw his whole soul into the rush of recollections, and, for a short space, floated rapturously down the stream of time. In those moments he did the beautiful girl justice; he acquitted her of heartlessness, and pronounced himself guilty of folly the most inexcusable. "I," said he, "to aspire to the hand of the only daughter of an earl, who cannot, on a Sunday, command a clean shirt. Presumption—madness!"

"Yes," continued he, half aloud, "her conduct

was the wisest, discreetest. She showed me that she liked me well enough to encourage me to be worthy of her—to win her by my worth; and if there is vigour in this arm, and firmness in this heart, I'll win her yet." After this rhapsody he did not turn his face to the wall, for there was no wall, withal, to turn his face to; but he turned it against the casing of the chain-pumps, and, clapping the cambric to his lips, gave it, with the best good will, half a dozen hearty kisses, after the manner of lovers. Then, not thinking those endearments sufficient, he placed the love-token against his bosom, and then a new light broke in upon him; it was the inspiration of love. Surely it is no great stretch of the imagination to suppose, that a very small emanation of the soul of his own Isabella was near, and whispered him the brilliant idea.

Despair was no longer on his brow, but pride and cheerfulness mantled over his countenance. Horace was a lad of ingenuity; no one better understood how to rig a jury-mast, contrive a make-shift rudder, or achieve ends with the least possible means. He put on the cleanest shirt that he had; he then divided the pure and precious cambric exactly into halves; as he cut through the worked coronet in the centre, he sighed a little, but considered it altogether as a good omen. "We will divide our honours as well as our hearts," he said. Having made this division, and taking care that the hemmed corners should be before, he brought two of them up through his black silk handkerchief, and lo! a pair of finer or stiffer shirt collars were not exhibited in the grand fleet that day. Having adjusted this peculiarly to his satisfaction, he brought the remainder of the handkerchief, having first impressed two or three plaits upon it, over his bosom, and, uniting the two parts in front with a handsome diamond

pin, behold, he stood forth a naval exquisite of the first water. Of course, a few common pins were put in requisition, in order to keep this splendid invention in its proper situation.

But there is no privacy in a cockpit. The above operation had been watched by many a wondering, many an admiring eye, and two pair of envious and jealous ones. These belonged to the kicked and beaten Wilkins and Filkins. About five minutes before the drum had beaten to divisions, these two gentlemen had repaired to the quarter-deck, and, in a minute and a half precisely, every one there became acquainted with the nature of the ingenious contrivance that was about to be offered to their admiration.

The captain did nothing but rub his chin with delight at the invention; and so eager was he to have an ocular proof of its perfection, that he ordered them to beat off full two minutes before the accustomed time.

Rub, dub-a-dub. The marines, half smothered with pipe-clay, and their eyes protruding from their sockets, on account of their clubbed pigtails being tied so tightly behind, are under arms on the poop. Every officer in the ship, in his show clothes, is or ought to be on the quarter-deck, and the seamen come up, not rushing and scrambling as at the boatswain's pipe, but with a decent quiet befitting the sacred day. Every man is scrupulously clean, and they range themselves in a double row entirely round the ship.

Up with the crowds of master's mates and midshipmen came Horace Elmsford, with his division list in his hand. He is the cynosure of all eyes; every officer has something to say to him; and the gallant captain himself, for the first time, condescends to speak to him, and bids him give a detail of the loss

of the brig of war to which he had recently belonged.

Poor Horace, he was more than half aware of the cause of all the titterings, and jokings, and scrutinizing glances with which he was honoured; and he was covered with confusion, and his face became of the deepest scarlet, when Sir Hildebrand Capsule asked him if he had saved from the wreck his whole stock of clean shirts.

"I perceive," said his tormentor, "that your linen is of a peculiar texture and fineness; but I rather wish that you would patronise frills, as you see they are worn by myself and all the other officers of my ship."

After having made Horace pass through this purgatory, the captain turned to the first lieutenant, and said, "I like the young fellow's looks amazingly; he is very handsome, and his features remarkable for intelligence and ingeniousness. I should like to show him some civility; I admire his contrivance exceedingly. Do you know any thing of his connexions?"

"Nothing at all, Sir Hildebrand. No great things, I should suspect, from whence he came. Mr. Wilkins, his messmate, says that he is very low and very poor; that he knows nothing of genteel society. Indeed, from several quarters I have heard reports so unfavourable of him, that, as yet, we have not asked him to dine in the ward-room. There are a sad set of scamps, just now, in the small craft of our navy."

"I am very sorry to hear this, indeed. He certainly has the air of a gentleman, though he seems to be labouring under a deal of confusion and embarrassment. Did he bring no letters of recommendation with him?"

"None at all, Sir Hildebrand."

"Sorry for it. I should like to have had him at

my own table; but we must be careful, Mr. Dix—we must be careful. How does he do his duty!”

“Not a fault to find with him, Sir Hildebrand.”

“Then, by sheaves and blocks, he shall dine with me to-morrow; tax his ingenuity again; look at him Dix, he is as handsome as a figure-head, newly painted and gilded from the dock-yard.”

In the mean time the divisions had been mustered, the various reports made, and every officer, with the exception of the captain and his first lieutenant, had lanced his miserable sneer against the gentleman with the simulated clean shirt; every one, with the above exceptions, having pronounced him “low—very low.”

But, at this precise moment, Horace Elmsford was not the only object of interest. An hour before, an English frigate had hove in sight of the fleet, and the admiral had made the signal to send boats on board of her, for letters and parcels from dear little England. The six-oared cutter had been absent almost half an hour. The captain was just upon the point of sending the men below, when she pulled alongside, and a bag full of letters was handed up; and two small boxes.

Independently of the letters in the bag, there was a parcel of letters for the captain, immediately from the admiralty. These, of course, were put into the captain's hand where he stood, whilst the bag and boxes were carried into the cabin. The captain breaks the seal of two or three; every eye in the ship is upon him excepting Horace's; he has no interest in the proceedings; he is only anxious to hide himself in the gloomy recesses of the cock-pit. There he stands to leeward, and as far from the other groups of officers as the amplitude of the deck will allow.

Sir Hildebrand has read one particular letter slowly through; he seems transfixed with surprise, and in

his astonishment he has dropped it upon the deck; before any can assist him he has picked it up again, and reads it through still more slowly; all manner of doubt is seen to vanish from his countenance; it is now lighted up with a rich smile of joyousness, and a little archness is mingled with its expression of happiness. He walks rapidly over to leeward; the clusters of officers make room for him with wonder, he passes them all, to the solitary corner where stands the disconsolate Horace Elmsford, he seizes the wonder-stricken youth by both hands, works them violently, pump handle fashion, and at length exclaims, "My dear Lord Milontower, I wish you all manner of joy!" Then, leading him forward by the hand, he continues, addressing the assembled officers, "Gentlemen, I am proud to introduce to you the junior lieutenant of this ship, my friend, Lord Milontower."

"Lor-r-r," said Mr. Wilkins to Mr. Filkins.

"My," said Mr. Filkins to Mr. Wilkins. "I wish I had lent him a clean shirt."

"Well, a real lord too; nobody can say I wasn't his messmate, however." There was consolation in the idea, and Mr. Wilkins paced the deck more proudly.

We are not going to occupy three or four pages with the expressions of surprise, and congratulations, and the offers of friendship that ensued. Every one now perceived, at once, the air of aristocratie in my lord Milontower, that was totally imperceptible in Mr. Midshipman Elmsford. Every one accused himself of being a fool for overlooking so much latent merit. However, the captain soon rescued our friend Horace from the persecutions of politeness by taking his arm and leading him into his cabin. The reader may be sure that no allusion was made to the deputy

clean shirt. Sir Hildebrand's valet was sent for, and the whole toilet of his master placed at the service of the young lord.

But, for all these attentions, there was but small occasion: Horace's father, now the Earl of Arrowfield, had thought of the dignity of his son. The two small boxes were for him, and contained the necessary uniform for his advanced rank in the service, and a fresh supply of linen. There were also two letters placed in the hands of Horace.

"Command, my dear lord," said the captain; the privacy of my after-cabin; you will there be able to read, unmolested, your communications from home." Sir Hildebrand again shook Horace's hand, and our hero found himself alone.

For a few minutes he could only pace the deck of the cabin; so tumultuous were his feelings. Though the news that he had just received were so joyous, yet joy at first was hardly felt. Astonishment seemed to possess one half of the faculties of his mind and tenderness the other. He had his father's letter, sealed with the impression of an immense coronet, in his hand, and yet he was thinking of Lady Elizabeth Mountescue. There too, was the faintest shadow possible of regret amidst his thoughts, when the reflection stole upon him that he had not achieved greatness, but that it had been thrust upon him. "But she will pardon me this, I hope," he thought. He would not have been so well pleased if he had known how easily.

At length, when his perturbation had a little subsided, he broke the seal of his father's letter. It was to the following effect:

"My dear Son,

"You have been a blessing and a pride to me during many years of poverty, and

almost a privation, and knowing and feeling this, I am assured that you will be my boast and my honour in our unexpected affluence and advancement. Your uncle, the late Earl of Arrowfield, though he never could love, could not forbear esteeming me. On his death, the horrors of which I trust I have alleviated, he desired to be commended to you, and to express his regrets that he had never been known to you. My poor brother has been severely tried. Two fine youths, his sons, cut off in the short space of seven months,—I marvel not that the blow was too heavy for him. He bowed his head before the infliction and died. There are three of his daughters living, your cousins, whom you have not only never seen, but perhaps, whose very names are unknown to you. We must be kind to the poor orphans.

“For myself, I felt that I wanted occupation: by the time that you will have received this, most likely I shall have joined the present ministry; it seems that my stern and uncompromising character will be more appreciated in the cabinet than at the bar. I doubt it, but we shall see.

“As to yourself, my dear Horace, I wish you to remain in the service till the conclusion of the war. It is just and honourable that you should do so. After that, of course, as you will have heavy responsible duties as a great land-owner and a future statesman to perform, you will retire from the service, and educate yourself carefully for the important office that Providence has called upon you to fulfil.

“The white flag will soon be flying on the batteries of Toulon; for Bonaparte, with his army nearly annihilated, is flying before his enemies. The moment that peace is established, hasten to the arms of your

affectionate father, nor leave me till I expire in yours.

“ARROWFIELD AND EASTONVILLE.”

Horace did not read this letter unmoved—he promised a great deal of love to his three cousins; but vowed that it should be strictly brotherly.

There was another coronetted letter to be opened. It was from Lord Mountescue, and ran thus:

“My dear Lord Milntower,

“What was the cause of that little *brouille-rie* of ours? You misunderstood me quite. (‘Walk out of my house was plain speaking, however,’” muttered Horace.) “I was quite surprised at not finding you at dinner that evening. We were so disappointed, particularly Bella. She tells me you robbed her of a handkerchief. *Au voleur, au voleur*. I can’t allow that, you know; so immediately you return to England, you must come to us and restore it with your own hand. So I find by the Gazette that that most estimable nobleman, your highly respected father, is one of the cabinet. No one can rejoice at it more than myself. Tell him that he may command my vote and interest in both houses. I shall not say adieu, but merely *au revoir*.

“MOUNTESCUE.”

Contained in this was a little billet, merely containing these words:

“Do not, Horace, lose or spoil my handkerchief. I set a great value upon it. ISABELLA.”

“I have cut it in halves,” said he, as he kissed the perfumed note.

Hardly had Horace apparelled himself than the admiral signalled to the *Harfleur* to send Lieutenant Lord Milntower on board the Flag. This was a great

annoyance to the Harfleurs. Horace of course went, and was again overwhelmed with all manner of homage and attention. The admiral presented him with his commission, and the young lieutenant came on board his own ship in the commander-in-chief's barge.

The hands were immediately turned up, and the commission read. That day, the midshipmen lost their appetites in astonishment. They were in a state to swallow any thing but their dinners. Not only was it now believed that the dirty brig's midshipman was the son of a cabinet minister, but that that very midshipman was going home to be appointed the First Lord of the Admiralty. However, they resolved to make the most of him whilst they had him. It was not long.

Horace that day dined with the admiral, and the ensuing night slept on board his ship. The next day it was announced to Sir Hildebrande Capsule, that Lord Milntower had exchanged into the Flag. The son of a cabinet minister and a real lord was an article much too good for the Harfleurs.

How Horace bore his change of fortune, and what other advantages befell him are all foreign to our purpose. He had known adversity and borne it like a man. We hardly can suppose that he would act unbecoming one, in his prosperity.

It was a long time before the excitement among the Harfleurs subsided. Cutters' and brigs' midshipmen were treated better among them afterwards. Lord Milntower went over the ship's side for the last time: Mr. Wilkins and his friend Mr. Filkins sided up to him, and asked him hesitatingly to shake hands with them as old messmates, the which his lordship did most heartily, and rather painfully to them in its energy.

When peace was proclaimed, and Mr. Wilkins

had it all his own way round the fire-side in Tooley-street, and Mr. Filkins ditto, at the villa at Peckham, both of these half-pay lieutenants would spin most extraordinarily long yarns, among which there was always sure to figure something very remarkable about their intimate friend and messmate, Lord Milntontower.

DIARY OF A SURGEON.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

I AM the youngest son of a poor clergyman of the old school, and was born in an antiquated whitewashed parsonage, standing by the road-side, some hundred and twenty miles due north of London, where my father held a small living. At eight years of age, I "began my travels;" for the "gudeman," finding the olive-branches grow yearly round his slender board, without his tithes increasing to supply the "oil and wine," transplanted eight of us, besides my mother, to a romantic village in the eastern part of Sussex; where, through great interest, exercised by a certain colonel, to whose regiment my progenitor had officiated as chaplain, he had been presented to a benefice better calculated to feed his hungry flock.

To this day, I have the most lively recollection of our arrival at the parsonage. It is with difficulty, if at all, time erases the impression made on the mind of a child by a new and beautiful object. The spacious and substantial mansion had been some time untenanted, but our arrival having been announced, care was taken to cleanse and air it; and on the approach of the little cortège, the gray smoke from the chimneys was mounting slowly and silently into the evening sky.

We overtook some villagers returning from their labours; and around the post whose white arms point out his road to the ignorant rustic, a curious group was collected of both old and young, who eyed us, as we passed, with rude yet unoffending curiosity.

On the first night we were compelled to sleep upon the polished oak floors—some here, some there: but this was little hardship to children. Our discomfort, indeed, did not last long; for my father being a good-natured and talkative man, soon procured plenty of acquaintance, from whom we received many acts of kindness; and after the little alterations which every new tenant thinks it requisite to make in a house, we were fairly and comfortably settled.

And a pleasant abode it was! The house was situated in a deep, rich valley, open only on its southern side, in which direction extensive and luxuriant woods ran almost to the sea, diversified by small estates and petty lakes, while a river also held its wide course through the dale. The temperature was mild as that of Italy, and the high velvet downs for which Sussex is so deservedly celebrated, sheltered our peaceful hamlet.

My father's income had improved; it amounted to upward of 300*l.* per annum, including now and then an extra fee for riding ten miles (out and home) to preach a sermon in a marshy district, whither a richer brother-divine objected to go, from fear of catching cold. With foresight and strict economy, he managed to maintain us, and keep besides, two female servants and a gardener, the latter to trim the yew-trees, groom his horse, and fetch letters from the neighbouring town. He also paid a small premium with each of my two eldest brothers, obtained employment for two others in London, and had my three sisters respectably educated at home, at 20*l.* per annum by a competent governess, an

exemplary young woman, who has since, through continued industry, risen to fill a station which is both opulent and flattering. I am proud to confess that to her I am indebted for first learning a Latin verb.

At the age of ten years, I alone remained to be disposed of; for my father being an indecisive man, it was not yet determined whither I was to go to acquire education. Within four miles of us lay the town of —, remarkable for its excessive neatness, clean windows and pretty women; while for the antiquary it has a still, greater charm; its castle, a noble remnant, partly of Roman and partly of Saxon architecture, which, standing in the centre of the town is from the surrounding hills an object of no small beauty.

At this place is a free grammar-school, which at the period I speak of stood in high repute for flogging and learning; whether the latter was a corollary of the former I leave to be decided by professed writers on education. The master was Dr. M——, who kept, as I was informed to my great discomfort, a goodly collection of birches in *brine*. Application was made on my behalf to Lord G——, who was a patron of my father inasmuch as he occasionally honoured him with an invitation-card to dine at eight o'clock off silver, and return home by night through a succession of green-lanes (oh, how the old gentleman dreaded it!) The result of the application was auspicious, and accordingly I was taken one day—the first after the vacation—and presented at school. A shadow of a boy I was!—my heart in my lips, my hands (but nothing else) in my breeches-pockets. I shall never forget my *debut* among a hundred boys; what a heavy forlorn sense of loneliness fell upon me, when my father, having slipped five shillings into one of the empty receptacles, closed the door after him. The orchard, the attic, the *stable*, at the parsonage, would have been Elysium in compari-

son! Dr. M. ushered me into the lofty school-room, with its dingy windows in the roof, and its desks and forms all in terrific array. But what were these inanimate presentments to the hundred pair of living eyes that were on me!—to the rude, mischievous laugh that assailed me from all quarters! I was always shy, but this scene made me tremble at thinking of the time when the dominie would leave me to the mercy of my new comrades.

On issuing into the playground, I found that, although active at every kind of romp, their boisterous sports almost demolished me. I was obliged to fight three battles (and be beaten in two,) in order to prove myself no coward. They plundered my desk, and while the tears of vexation were running down my cheeks, the only recompense I got was a worthless promise from one or the other to *teach me my next lesson!* But I could have put up with all this, had they allowed me to *sleep* quietly: the little devils, however—for schoolboys are nothing else—tortured me both night and day.

At length I experienced so strong a sense of oppression, that I determined I would run away! We were allowed between school-hours to stroll into the town; and on one of these occasions, the pleasure of liberty was too tempting to be resisted. I reached the outskirts of —; the hill, beyond which lay our village, rose just before me. But my heart turned coward. The rod, whose *primum tempus* I had already tasted—the dark hole under the kitchen, where you could *smell* the dinner, but nothing more—and, I am proud to add, the *disgrace* of playing truant, filled my imagination and scared it; so I sat down, indulged in a passion of tears, and, by the detestable hour of two, was back at my prison door.

A month of this drudgery—for of course I *fagged* for a dozen of them—*broke me in*, as they term it; but it

almost broke my heart. I grew sentimental; engraved my name deep in the bark of a tree, fancying I could not live a year in such misery; and on visiting the school since, I found the characters still uneffaced. Thus we live on through all kinds of oppression; but what are the hardships of school compared to the mortifications of manhood? At school, the young and buoyant mind (though under the hard penalty of task) can soar unshackled. A school-boy, unenvied and unhated by the world, can without fear pierce the wood or climb the verdant hill. Philosophers might envy him his *real liberty*, though he himself scarcely perceives it. But I must not forestal my subject.

Nothing out of the common course of school events occurred to me during a five years' pilgrimage from the Eton grammar to the pages of Zenophon, by which time I had become first boy. I remained on the foundation till after the decease of Dr. M., which happened suddenly. A paralysis carried him off in a few hours, and silenced for ever the tongue of many languages. He was an excellent master—petulant and severe, yet at heart the boy's friend. I became gradually—I think, from a sentiment warmer than habit—attached to him; and I believe present a solitary case in lamenting the holiday which his death-knell proclaimed.

A young divine, fresh from one of the emporiums of classic lore (Cambridge) succeeded to the head mastership. We did not much like him at first, for he was excessively proud and pedantic: however, he soon conciliated us, as he fed us well and flogged us seldom. But in spite of all his exertions to maintain the high reputation of the school, its numbers fell, and by the end of the first year (when I left) it presented a miserable attempt at forty. In fact, the school had reached its zenith: a Diogenes could not have reclaimed it.

I retired as *captain*, which delighted my father.

Oh, he thought me such a genius! Yet, in reality, I was none. My classics were respectable, but not great; and still less so my attachment to them. If I had any partialities at this epoch of boyhood, they were divided between two pursuits, each (particularly the first) of a nature well calculated to attract the boyish fancy—namely, *acting* and *fishing*. The pages of Shakespeare occupied me at home: the rises on a trout-stream were my delight abroad. I was a disciple of old Walton, to an extent that quite alarmed my mother, and half-inclined her to doubt whether I had not some innate sympathies with the finny race; and when I attempted OTHELLO in presence of the servants, decked out with black silk gloves, a tablecloth, and a corked face, my father trembled for my morality and my Latin verses.

Oh, how happy was I as an actor! I caught the malady of spouting, where many other obnoxious things are caught—at school. Our new *magister* encouraged his young Thespians, and would treat us half-yearly with an elevated stage, a first and second fiddle, and, though last not least, a supper. The scenes were devised and painted in verditer, rose-pink, and whitewash, by our drawing-master, on copy-book leaves and sheets of brown paper pasted together. The best friend I ever made was one of our *corps dramatique*, who thought himself its star—the Kean of our schoolboy-stage; but his talents were greater at *criticism* than at *acting*;—indeed, I have generally remarked that good critics make but indifferent players.

My line was varied. I enacted to a large coterie of parents, minors, ushers, and servants, *old* OBUTO, in the "Blind Boy," and *young* FRIBURG in the "Miller and his Men;" as our performances drew down great applause from our goodnatured audience, we felt infinitely proud of our feathers and paint, and no doubt, in our enthusi-

asm, spoke much more than was "set down for us." I can recollect facing our back scene—a wood fronted by pillars and bordered with Dutch leaf (to serve both for temple and forest), but I could never face my audience. My eyes were resolutely bent upon the ground, as if I either was or ought to be ashamed of my position.

But oh! what sunny days, what pleasing dreams, were those contrasted with the afflicting realities of afterlife! Never, for the world, have I made my toilet with half the spirits, half the care even, with which I dressed for the stream, in neat fustian and hat of straw—or for the stage, in blue calico jacket with vest and pantaloons to match, bespangled throughout. The ease of the one, and splendour of the other, compared so advantageously with the formal suit the faculty of the present day must ever wear! The Sangrado costume, like his medicine, will do nothing for the modern surgeon; who nowadays is not considered fit to feel a pulse without his repeater and his ring, his unruffled cravat and tight skin of black from the scissors of a Stulz. Nor should he *walk* to his patient, if he hopes either to experience a polite reception or effect a cure. an equipage, and a handsome one too—not merely an old-fashioned gig and servant to correspond, but a dark coloured *cab*, a spirited horse, and a *tiger* behind, is now essential to the disciple of Æsculapius. Such a *turn-out* stamps, in the eyes of the multitude, his standing and talent, and proves his best introduction both to the palace of the noble and the obscure lodging of the poor. If the confidence of the great is obtainable through the skill of the coachmaker, what must be the impression on the *canaille*!—it must amount to something approaching to awe and veneration of the Hindoos at the ceremony of the Jugernaut.

As a professional man, I have proved the utility of

equipage too painfully to write in error. During the first four years of my practice, I was a pedestrian, and often felt a shyness, a want of self-possession, which has vanished since fortune has placed me upon wheels. When I used to enter quietly a drawing-room or boudoir, and sit patiently listening to a string of symptoms for *half-an-hour*, my fee was just *half-a-guinea*. But I have since discovered that the *taking* method is, to appear hurried to death! A dash up to the door in your cab, or carriage, with your servant ready to announce you, privileges you to enter a room as abruptly as you please; to ask the most delicate questions; and give your advice with a confidence, a pithiness of manner astonishing to yourself, and demonstrative to the clique of patient, mother, and friend, that you are a first rate man. In truth, I think one of the most essential qualities to a medical man is *address*. It tells better far than a head studded with theories; and the practitioner desirous of acquiring a fortune will gain his point much more readily by a knowledge—a smattering will do—of the polite accomplishments. Music, if he can either play or sing, is an introduction without the aid of merit; and French, Italian, and German are pleasing accompaniments. Patients are better able to appreciate *these* matters than your professional knowledge; and I would counsel every medical aspirant to infuse deeply into his studies, that of *the world*.

But I am anticipating my subject, and in resuming it at the proper point, I find the light-heartedness of my recollections materially dashed. The sky of my destinies had been hitherto unclouded, seasons fled by me like days, and I contemplated nothing that could rob me of a single pleasure. Alas! the blow was even then hovering over, which plunged my family and myself into profound sorrow.

One dark January night I had left home in the company of a friend, for the neighbouring town, where a fresh company of strollers had advertised Mrs. Shelly's terrific *Frankenstein*. To me, the chief attraction was the *Monster*. Nature had formed the actor who played this part admirably for the purpose. She had almost made him, like Janus, double-faced; his fingers were in reality double-jointed, and he had a voice whose tones seemed to scare even himself. The mute anxiety—the icy horror—I felt when *Frankenstein* succeeds in giving vitality to the abortion he had moulded, overpowered my young nerves, and I was seeking a release from these horrors in the small lobby of the playhouse, when I encountered my father's servant. A few words explained his errand: my father was ill—dangerously ill—his *life* in danger. A gig waited for us at the door, and by eleven we were at the parsonage.

What was the ideal tragedy I had quitted to that authentic one I was now called on to witness? My dear mother, and the whole household, in fact, were in tears. Death stood already at the threshold, to enter we knew not how soon. And indeed he delayed not; our trial was short: notwithstanding the watchfulness and skill of the surgeon in attendance, epilepsy soon proved too formidable an antagonist for human art to grapple with. My father's spirits and health had been for some months shaken by anticipating the result of a chancery suit, instigated by an unfeeling sister. *She should have witnessed his death*. Death-beds are terrible scenes;—when the senses and reason desert their frail tenement, leaving it to be convulsed and destroyed by the expiring pang.

By this sudden blow, our family was deprived of its only protector. As for myself, I remained but three days in the village after the funeral, and my mother no longer than sufficed to witness the erection of a plain

tombstone to her husband's memory. The house was then abandoned—it became another's; and we all returned into the North—my destination being to be placed with my eldest brother, then a medical practitioner some hundred miles in that direction from London. I hid myself in a corner of the coach that conveyed me, with my brothers and sisters, from our beautiful village (for the grief of early youth is always timid,) and wept the whole way to town, and a long distance beyond it.

My brother intending me for his profession, placed me during another twelvemonth at school, where, among sundry improvements, I took drawing lessons from the figure, which I afterwards found of great assistance during my study of anatomy. This year passed, and my doom was then sealed for seven more, I being articled to my brother and his partner, a bold and experienced surgeon. A junior apprenticeship is the devil!—it spoils the hands, ruins the clothes, and often cripples the best abilities. These portentous axioms I soon imbibed, and conceiving accordingly a due horror of the laboratory, sought, by every means in my power (though seldom successfully) to vary the scene. In consequence, before I knew even the nature of the drugs it was my duty to manipulate into the several shapes of pill, powder, plaster and potion (for the joint advantage of ledger and patient,) I found myself—where does the “gentle reader” imagine? in love!—or what I fancied love to be. I was *taken aback*, as the sailors call it, during the excitement and glitter of a theatrical performance (for the Thespian mania had not deserted me.) My fair captor; however, was not, as might perhaps be supposed, an actress; but the daughter of a half pay officer residing in the town. She was an acknowledged belle, and her figure might be described by a poet as just set in the luxurious mould of

womanhood. But her simplicity of manner interested me even more than her personal appearance! To be brief, my inexperienced heart was stormed. I cultivated pathos; cut (in the wrong sense) solid food; and for a week or so lived on thought and tea. But who has not fasted thus long when first absorbed by the universal passion!

Our acquaintance was altogether clandestine, for my charmer's father, unlike most half-pay officers with daughters to go off, threatened to shoot the first man who dared cross his threshold with an *offer* as his errand. This humour of his might have been fortunate for both Margaret and myself, young as we then were. We did, indeed, occasionally meet and occasionally reciprocate a friendly billet; and this restricted intercourse continued for nearly four years, towards the end of which time Margaret's health appeared to be waning. I am almost ashamed to say, that vanity led me to mingle a certain feeling of complacency with my regret on observing this. I deemed that the want of a free and unrestrained communion with the object of her affections had occasioned the poor girl's indisposition; but, strange to say, as if a certainty of success had damped the ardour of the pursuit, this conviction certainly slackened rather than increased the warmth of my admiration. I felt much sympathy for Margaret's future happiness; but I could not be blind to the fact that circumstances were hostile to our union. I had, young as I then was, sufficient foresight to perceive that attachments so early contracted often act as a bar to the best endeavours. Before me in life lay a long tract of difficulties, through which love could be no guide—no stimulus—rather an impediment. These thoughts grew stronger as the period approached at which my articles should expire; and they were but occasionally crossed

by a sentiment of commiseration for the mischief I might have caused in a fresh and susceptible bosom.

With pain do I retrace these occurrences—evidence of a reckless selfishness. The bitter fact, and bitterly do I now taste the flavour of its recollections, was, that Margaret, a year or two my elder, had construed a boyish impulse into a sentiment of depth and stability. *Her* affections, once kindled, had *fostered themselves*; for it is remarkable that, during our entire intimacy, neither by word or letter did I ever breathe the name of *love*! At length the time arrived, when a few days more would place distance between us. I wrote to her to appoint a previous farewell meeting. That letter occupied me for hours. I felt a consciousness that I had acted, and was acting, indirectly. I sought in lengthened periods, and involved expressions, to cover this perception. To my half-protesting, half apologetic epistle, the following simple answer was returned, which I have kept in my possession ever since—with little cause, for the words are indelibly imprinted on my mind:

“Dear Friend,—You write of leaving us on the 10th, and say that you are already busied in the painful task of bidding your many friends adieu. You must not forget Margaret, who will be left alone—why should she conceal it—in grief at your departure, but in earnest prayer for your safety; the only solace remaining. I enclose a plain ring, to be worn in private *alone*. You will surely accept this as a pledge of the *friendship* you talk so much of. If an inanimate thing could speak, it should. It has been taught much by one who must think of you to her grave.

“MARGARET.”

I saw her not, after the receipt of this letter. Whether she had penetrated the flimsy veil which cloaked the hollowness of my professions, or whether she

dreaded the excitement of a parting interview—from whatever cause, she came not to the appointment I had proposed.

At the commencement of the spring session, I was in the metropolis, and my name duly entered at an excellent hospital—then a low, obscure, and dingy looking building, but now a structure which forms a leading ornament in that part of the town wherein it is situated. My appointments as a student were by no means despicable: I had a comfortable lodging near the New-road, a tolerable library, and 400*l.* in the three-and-a-half consols—my share of the property of a kinswoman on my mother's side, who, at her recent demise, had bequeathed all she was worth amongst us. I was, at this period, a very tyro. I knew the bones, the medical plants and their uses; I could read any Latin medical author with fluency. In surgery I had *witnessed* a good deal: I could perform various operations theoretically, and took especial delight in the requisite instruments. I fancy my brother detected this *penchant* on my part for the "cutting and maiming" department, as he presented me, on leaving him, with six lancets, besides a small treatise on Erysipelas, and his old pocket-case (it lies before me now,) as he used it. This was all I ever derived from my apprenticeship, beyond the ability of bleeding and book-keeping; for my masters, according to the usual system of wholesale dealers in apprentices, taught me nothing else. In most cases, the expiration of this servitude is simultaneous with the pupil's discovery of his ignorance, and upon himself, after all, devolves the labour of dissipating it.

If youths in our profession were carefully taught the *practical* part, as they are in trades, we should have much more skilful surgeons. Young sculptors and painters know the portion of anatomy their arts require far more perfectly than the majority of medical students.

The latter, indeed, eagerly take up the knife, because its use is novel, and mutilate their subjects in a manner that would disgrace a butcher-boy. Our colleges require a minute knowledge of the human structure; and how is this sought to be attained? By books! a shameful error, and still more mischievous than shameful. I think, indeed experience has convinced me, that lads intended for the healing profession should be taught anatomy—the substratum of all knowledge relative to medicine and surgery—in their boyhood, instead of the information being deferred till they are nearly men. Other thoughts, and often other pursuits then thwart its retention; but where is the boy who forgets his rules in syntax, or who has not exercised his invention on some piece of puerile machinery?

Amidst study, attention to lectures, and episodical visits to the theatres and other places of amusement, I still found leisure occasionally to think of Margaret, and after a while I wrote to her. Her reply was prompt, but mournful. Time had been making fresh ravages on her health. She told me she was going by advice to the sea-side, on account of a troublesome cough. “I have thought of you,” the conclusion of her letter says, “too frequently to be at peace. Our intimacy sprang from a circumstance too trivial, you will probaby think, to be called an *event*, but it will *end* with one?”

And this was a prediction of the truth. I shortly after received another communication, which proved to be her last. It was almost illegible; written amidst fears and suspicions, which I, to my great sorrow, was appealed to confirm. A dreadful catastrophe had occurred in her family, the knowledge whereof first reached it as a dark and vague rumour, which time however speedily illustrated. It related to the death of her eldest brother in India. He had been murdered in a manner at which nature revolts and sickens. The

poor fellow, stationed with his company to keep in subjection a district of savage marauders, had indiscreetly left quarters with a handful of men, on an exploring march up the country. The natives intercepted their return, and murdered every man; but their officer shared not so merciful a death as that of the sword. He was tied to wild horses, which were whipped in the direction of the four quarters of the elements, until he was torn limb from limb!

It was with a trembling and foreboding heart that I made the necessary investigation; nor, as the event proved, were my apprehensions groundless. At official quarters all was ratified. I communicated the melancholy intelligence with the caution and tenderness I conceived Margaret's weak state to require; but, even thus tempered, the event occasioned too painful a stimulus in a shattered constitution: the powers of life gave way beneath the shock, and, instead of any farther correspondence from this amiable girl, an early post brought me the tidings of her death!

I will not obtrude upon the reader's attention any detail of the regret, the remorse, which Margaret's dissolution stirred up within me. Whence or why is it, that the period of our losing any possession should be precisely that in which it assumes the greatest appearance of value? At the moment when I received this fatal news, I could have willingly died for or with the fair object of my anxiety. And yet, could I be merely selfish in my retrospect, my present position is perhaps more palpably fortunate than it would have been, had Margaret recovered and consented at that period to link her destiny with mine. Early marriages have been generally prejudicial to those whose lot it is to carve out their own fortunes. Our mind is not a distinct reality, above obscurity from the shadows of poverty; and the daily encounter with actual wants is calculated in

a certain degree to pervert the nature of both husband and wife, and render each to the other what love had never meant them to be.

Inquietude of mind, together with study, not constant, (for *perseverance* was never any great virtue of mine,) but by fits and starts (when I read excessively) now began to unnerve my system. I was told it would be unwise to risk farther mischief, by slighting the first indications of it. The sessions were over, both parliamentary and medical. "The world" was leaving town: my friends were urgent in their advice that I should leave it too. With spirits languid and indifferent enough, I adopted this counsel, and one sultry morning found me stowed upon a coach bound for a certain fashionable watering-place. My *compagnons-de-voyage* were a change of garments, my flute (on which I could play respectably,) and a purse containing fifteen pounds; and thus appointed, the next chapter will start me a "Citizen of the World," and a Surgeon.

CHAPTER II.

THE DUEL.

I DEVOTED a month (which passed rapidly enough, amongst the few friends of my earliest days,) to fill up the many inroads which the toil and anxiety of study had made upon my health. I wandered once again through all the scenes of childhood, which, although no longer such to me, held over my mind an unfading and refreshing influence—to which I owe much of the vigor of after life. The hope of returning there again—to spend the evening of my days in that secluded village, has often kept me up, under the thousand difficulties which at first beset me; whether or not it will be realized, fate only can decide. Reluctant indeed was I to tear myself from these scenes; but the dream at length was over, and the difficult road of life lay before me.

It was on the morning after my debüt at the Royal College of Surgeons in London—the site of which most members of the profession doubtless recollect—and the excitement of a successful examination had scarcely subsided, inasmuch as I had still heated brows, a rapid pulse, and excessive thirst—that I sat at my small breakfast-table, occupied, not in eating, (for appetite had fled,) but in reflecting. It is true, thought I, that the gulf into which thousands abler than myself both in head and hand have fallen, has been passed: but the mere capriciousness of any of the members of that imperious tribunal, might have sunk me too low to be reclaimed: for my feelings on this subject were poignant, peculiar, and

determined. Had the *stigma* of rejection (for such the world erroneously considers it) been cast upon me, it would have been a wound that neither time nor place could have healed, and I should have relinquished my profession for ever, although from it only could I expect to derive the means of existence. I should have felt that I had expended in vain the sacred bequest left me by a devoted relative, with the sole stipulation that it should be applied to place me on a respectable footing in the profession I had aspired to: that I had directed the fullest energies of my mind to a subject which it could not master: and the conviction would have blighted all my future exertions. Had, indeed, rejection awaited me, I was resolved with the next morning's dawn to sail from father Thames for the continent of America—and, in case of such an alteration, I had, on the day preceding my examination, drawn from the three and a half consols the sum of 100*l*.

Fate however, and the Royal College of Surgeons, would have things turn out otherwise. I therefore returned to my lodgings, somewhat poorer in purse but infinitely richer in spirit. I have heard men boast how differently they would act in case of rejection; that they would defy the court, and *prove* to the world they were competent men. But very opposite has been the conduct of the only two individuals known to me under such circumstances. They left the dreaded *horse-shoe* without a murmur or a word—with pale faces and sickened hearts, and quitting the college by a private door, sought solace only in the retirement of their chambers.

Having now launched my boat, I prepared to embark upon the crowded and dangerous waters of life. And where lay the first point of my destiny?—I was roused from a deep reverie on this subject, by the postman's familiar knock, who brought a letter for me bearing a

foreign post-mark. I knew the hand in an instant. It was that of Manvers, a fellow-student with whom I had passed many hours of pleasure as well as of research. I opened it and read as follows:

"My dear Friend,

"You recollect that at the end of the season I left London for Paris, there to acquire a better knowledge of anatomy and surgery. These important objects have, alas! been neglected. I am now many miles from that metropolis. A friend has stopped me here; and here I am likely to find my grave. I left not England *alone*, but associated with one, to tear myself from whom is impossible, yet to stay with whom is a disgrace. Oh, what a folly is it to be too fond! There is a secret of the most sorrowful nature on my heart—it must be divulged, and to you. I hasten to accomplish this duty:—my intimacy with Miss ———, which you were not a stranger to, terminated (you pause and dare not read on) in marriage. We were mutually and ardently attached, and passed the first months of our new life in the enjoyment of every pure feeling of which the heart is capable, and in the anticipation of future years gliding on in the same unruffled way; but we had raised the cup too high, and it was dashed from our lips by a villain who has sacrificed her honour and my peace."

I had read enough—I guessed the entire purport of his distressing letter—namely, that he required my assistance on one of those occasions which my nature revolted at. My suspicions were, indeed, too true. The letter continued,

"I am now under the restraint of a physician, who tells me it would be death, in my phrensied state, to leave my room—and I obey him. But why? To regain strength to be avenged! My peace, my love, are both destroyed; my views of life all imbittered; and this

convulsion of my nature must have its end in vengeance. If you can sympathize with my extreme misery, do so in action, not only in heart. I am a stranger here, and can neither seek new friends or forget old ones. The only appeal I probably shall ever make to you, is this!—Come to me with as little delay as possible—if you value your unhappy friend,

“EDWARD MANVERS.”

The postscript contained an order on a tradesman in Conduit-street for 10*l*; enclosed as I inferred to defray the expenses of my journey.

The habitual restlessness of my disposition did not permit me to think too long or too intently on the course I ought to pursue; and without taking any immediate steps in my friend's affair, I occupied the greater part of the day in obtaining my diploma from the secretary (an errand I believe few young men think irksome.) But the evening was to be devoted to a different, though an equally important business. During my residence in town, I had been frequently tempted into the society of some musical friends, and where can there be found more delightful people than the Londoners? On one of these desertions from Galen and the midnight lamp, chance (that eternal match-maker) introduced me to a kindred spirit in the person of a young lady, the elder daughter of a professional man then attached to the Court of Chancery. The occasion was a ball, neither at the larger nor lesser “Willis's Rooms,” but on a first floor in the immediate neighbourhood of Brunswick-square. *She* played that night and *I* listened. *She* danced and *I* was her partner. *She* spoke in so sweet and artless a manner, that, from the first hour of our meeting, without debating *pros* or *cons*, without seeking any adviser but my own heart, I silently betrothed myself to her; and when the morning's reflection came, I felt forgetfulness impossible: in short,

I had never loved till then.—And who can withstand the heart's first real passion?

But these delightful emotions brought, with their roses, thorns;—I felt that I had studies and duties to attend to, which demanded all my thoughts. My little fortune in the stocks had dwindled to about 180%: and with these startling facts before me, were it not dangerous to love? This important question was, however, as will be readily imagined, soon answered in the negative. It was at my mother's apartments I first met my beautiful friend, and there we met again. Her look, her voice were still the same; and in the excitement of those happy hours, my thoughts, my feelings, were all hers. I had but a single wish, a single view in life, and she only could grant the one, or darken the other. Till all was told and known, I could do nothing; my lectures were neglected—my books opened in vain.

Happily I had not long to endure this weight of anxiety; and having said thus much, the reader will infer that our attachment soon became reciprocal:—it went on undisturbed: and with similar views regarding the future,—which were far from romantic) we lived but in the anticipation of being united: this, however, was impossible, till my studies were completed, and the few additional months they occupied did indeed drag on with iron-bound steps.

It was under such circumstances, that on a Saturday evening in the summer, after a fortnight's absence from town, I left my lodgings for the northern environs of mighty London, where the constant object of my thoughts resided. As the harbinger of good news (for it was the day of my passing,) my step was by no means slow: nevertheless, I felt somewhat agitated. Half an hour's walk brought me to the well-known street—my hand was on the knocker, but my sum-

mons was a tremulous one; it was long ere it was answered, and I was about to repeat it when the door opened: I needed no announcement, all had become so familiar to me. The dining-room door stood open, and I entered it; but Mary was not there. The moments seemed hours till I heard her voice; she came from an adjoining apartment, in tears;—and, oh, how altered! She had been ill, but hers had not been the sickness of the heart—a severe typhus had attacked her immediately after my departure from town, and I knew it not. Oh, that mine should have been days of pleasure, whilst hers were darkened by suffering! The danger, however, was over, and the evening passed away delightfully. I had been a traveller since we parted, and although my peregrinations were confined to one small county, south of London, they had afforded me many little incidents worth relating. The old and husky watchman of the street had groaned out his “past one!” ere I had courage to say good night. But we parted directly afterwards; and as I raised my Mary’s sickly hand for the first time to my lips, I felt that the kiss was ominous.

I was happy then: for I had experienced none of those worldly trials which so soon destroy the harmony of life, and render us but sad companions even to those we love. So deep was I in reveries of this kind, that I found myself after some time in Cavendish square, the clock as it struck two awakening me to my error.—It is almost impossible to pass through any street in London, without the eye being shocked, or the heart sickened, by some distasteful scene or other; but so absorbed was I in dreaming of future days of domestic bliss, that I heeded nothing: I saw not the lamps, or heard the watchman’s call; even the pitiable votaresses of dissipation and crime seemed to glide by like so many phantoms. But my dream being broken, I re-

traced my steps, and, with reason for a guide, soon reached home. Upon my table lay the cards of three of my hospital friends, who had called, no doubt, to congratulate me on my success. They might have envied me other feelings, did they understand them, but of these I could not have spared even one. Their mementos of civility and good fellowship reminded me, however, of a duty which I owed to my earliest benefactor, my brother. He had evinced a desire to be immediately written to after my examination, respecting which *he* had no misgivings, although *I* had many. Not to seem forgetful of a wish so kindly meant, and so easily gratified, I sat down and opened my desk, for my over-excited frame seemed altogether to refuse entrance to the god of sleep; on doing so, my eye immediately fell upon Manver's letter, and what a sensation it occasioned! His forlorn and pitiable situation at once engrossed my mind. He was on a foreign shore, separated from family and friends; robbed of the greatest treasure of his heart, and in the midst of bodily and mental anguish; his hour of death might be approaching, and no friend near him,—whilst I, surrounded by those I valued, had my cup of happiness full to the brim. The comparison bore with it a conviction, which, I am proud to say, I could not withstand, and I came to the immediate determination of leaving England to join him on the morrow, which had already dawned. I did not seek my feverish pillow till I had written a short and affectionate note to Mary, informing her that my absence from town would be but short: that I was leaving it, indeed reluctantly, but of necessity, for Calais. On Manver's unhappy business I was silent; for she had some knowledge of his connexions: besides, why need her fears be roused, either for me or him? Her health then was too precarious to be trifled with.

It was within two hours of this, that I was threading my way through the sleepy avenues between Russell square and Regent street. What can be much more dreary than an early walk in London? You meet, it is true, those useful members of society, chimney-sweeps, shambling along, and breakfasting by the way on a slice of bread, (looking exquisitely white by comparison,) which they help in its digestion with a pint of saloop at the next corner; or should you be a traveller in the west-end, you may perchance encounter a less innocent sect of Londoners than these—namely, the victims of that heartless, sordid passion—gambling. The clock of St. George's, Hanover-square, chimed seven, as I entered the shop of the tradesman with my friend's draft. I had no scruple in using it, for my means were limited, whilst his were adequate. It was paid without hesitation; and this business being arranged, I had but to secure the earliest conveyance to Dover: this was a van, both for passengers and luggage, which I was led to believe would reach its destination by the time the mail-packet sailed for Calais. Although the vehicle was cumbersome and slow, I, nevertheless, soon lost sight of the spires of London—but all was not then forgotten. The road to Dover passes through one of the most beautiful and fertile counties in England, Kent: yet I little enjoyed the ride, for my thoughts were painfully engrossed. The unlucky errand I was on might, and would, in all probability, be attended with fatal results. Should I fail in the attempt to subdue Manver's master-passion, revenge, (and I regarded duelling almost in the sense of murder,) I must probably witness bloodshed. It could not end as such occurrences sometimes do, harmlessly. No, the injury had been too deeply inflicted to be easily atoned. His family—oh, what an estimable and united one it was!—would shrink from the name of him who had stood by,

and seen their only son murdered. But his father had been neglected: I alone knew of Edward's danger, and kept it secret. Informing him of all that had happened, I might have violated my friend's confidence; but, at the same time, I should preserve what I valued more—his life. A father, by his entreaties, (for Manvers revered him,) might have rescued his son unharmed from the vortex into which a heartless woman had plunged him. He might have brought him back safe into the bosom of his family, and felt the comfort, in his fast-declining years, of having snatched an affectionate child from the brink of an early grave. But the die was differently cast.

With these reflections, my only travelling companions, this journey of seventy miles proved painfully tedious; and it was not until I caught a faint view of Dover-castle, on the heights, that I experienced the least relief. We reached the town in the dusk of the evening, just half an hour too late for that night's packet. I had anticipated this; it was my usual luck; so, adding it to my other troubles, after taking some refreshment, I retired to bed. Fortunately, I did not pass another anxious and sleepless night; so jaded was I with the rumbling and shaking of the Dover van, that sleep quickly supervened. The ringing of the harbour-bell awoke me early, and after a hasty toilet, but no breakfast, I went on board the first packet, wherein I had secured a berth immediately on my arrival.

On as sultry a morning as ever shone, we bore slowly out to sea, which, without a wave or even ripple, seemed to say, Go no farther! But I disregarded its foreboding. It took us a whole day, to traverse the salt miles which separated us from France, and experiencing scarcely any tide, at length we came to anchor

at sunset, in Calais harbour. My friend was at Boulogne, and thither I was conveyed as fast as a pair of French horses could drag me. As I entered the hotel where Manvers and his wife, as I supposed, were staying, my heart almost ceased to beat: and in order that my agitation might in some degree subside, I hesitated to announce my arrival till I had seen his medical attendant, Monsieur ———, who had his étage in a street contiguous to the hotel. Thither, as soon as the house opened, I repaired. The simplicity of his rooms contrasted strangely with the costly establishments of some of our successful physicians, who find a spacious hall, two livery servants, and a library loaded with large and erudite-looking works—with here and there a head of Hunter—or Soemmering, as necessary for the increase of their connexion, as calomel and Epsom salts are to their successful practice.

Monsieur ——— received me as he would a patient, and his *English* being much better than my *French*, the particulars of poor Edward's case were soon told: this was all I wanted from him. He informed me that his disease had on the sudden completely changed its character; that the phrensy, at first so violent as to render coercive measures absolutely necessary, had subsided into obstinate sullenness, which was so settled that the most brief and indistinct answers alone could be obtained from him. I also learnt that Mrs. Manvers was at the same hotel, but that he had not seen her.

The other circumstances he was doubtless acquainted with; but I deemed silence on these points his duty, (it would have been mine,) and at once changed the subject of conversation. He very politely agreed to walk immediately back with me to the hotel; and I

availed myself of this opportunity to suggest that it would be better he should inform his patient of my arrival. In this he acquiesced;—and having done so, he speedily rejoined me, and pointing to the door of the sick-chamber, took his leave.

It was ajar, and as I entered I perceived, as well as the half-darkened room would admit, a figure on the sofa, which, notwithstanding my familiarity with my friend's appearance, I at first hesitated to approach. His voice, however, (and mournful indeed it was,) soon set all doubts aside. I took his pale attenuated hand in mine, and pressed it with a cordiality, which I hoped might rouse him from his lethargy. It did so, for the excitement of that moment brought back the colour to his sickly cheeks. He then raised himself to a table before him, and, leaning on his hand, asked me about his father, the only member of his family he seemed to think of. In these inquiries he was earnest, though dispassionate, which latter was the effect of his surprise at seeing me so soon. The torrent of his feelings speedily burst forth, and it would have been as easy to quench the great fire of London with a single bucket of water, as to stay its impetuosity. When he had in a great measure exhausted himself, I ventured to reply. I urged his family's future peace; his own views in life—which, save for the cloud they were now under, seemed brighter than most men's; that *her betrayer* (words I dreaded to make use of,) was a wretch totally worthless of an honourable meeting, and fit only to live on in disgrace, and to smart under the stings of conscience for his villanous and guilty conduct. He heard me calmly to the last; but I felt that my good intentions were all defeated. To turn him from his purpose was impossible; and so forcibly did his distressing situa-

tion appeal to me, that I at length gave up the point, and passively bent to his determination. A duel was inevitable. He occupied himself in folding steadily, and with the greatest precision, a letter, which he put into my hands, entreating me, having read, to deliver it, and bring him an answer.

In my room I perused it; it had evidently been written with an unshaking hand, and the feelings which dictated it showed how far the heart was injured. It was eloquent though brief: heaping reproaches on the seducer, and in the end appointing a meeting for seven the following evening on the sea-shore, in the vicinity.

This letter it was my unpleasant office to deliver, and to whom?—To an Englishman, and an officer—if such a stripling as he was deserved that epithet. I found him at his hotel, just as one enters Boulogne from the hill, and at breakfast. The army gives every man address, would that it also gave him principle. The young man's manner towards me was particularly pleasing and gentlemanly. Being seated, I had full opportunity to observe his appearance—which, had it not been somewhat effeminate, must have struck every one as elegant and graceful. His features were fair and regular, his eyes large and sparkling—whilst a profusion of hair, the only true auburn I ever met with, clustered in loose curls over his brow. His figure, for he stood to read the letter, was tall and excessively slender, and seemed rather moulded for the painter than the field. And, with this prepossessing exterior, could it be possible that the heart was already so depraved? His years might at most have numbered 20, and yet he was far in his career of depravity.

I had just finished my survey as he closed the let-

ter. I expected he would write an answer—but he did not: and, without seeming in the least astonished, or disturbed, coolly desired me to assure my friend that he should be *punctual*. He then moved and rang the bell: and ere the servant had time to answer it, and show me out, had resumed his breakfast.

Monsieur ——— was with Manvers when I returned; they were conversing in a subdued voice, but evidently with more freedom. Money lay on the table, which shortly afterwards Monsieur took up and left the room.

Manvers must have anticipated the answer I bore, for he heard it in the most collected manner. His last remark to me that night was relative to the pistols. He had provided them: they were in a box upon the lounge, and to me were they consigned till required for their detestable purpose.

Whilst these sad preliminaries were arranging, where was the thoughtless woman who had rendered them necessary? She remained near the husband she had disgraced, in the same hotel, but I happily did not see her; although previous to her marriage we had danced and sung together at the house of Manvers's father, who having, by foresight, industry, and attention, amassed a considerable fortune as a general merchant in Madras, had retired to Hampstead, to terminate his days in the bosom of his family. But his cup unhappily was imbittered when he least expected it. Mrs. Edward Manvers was indeed a beautiful young woman, with a countenance so free from guilt, that her very smiles seemed to certify truth and constancy; but it was like the lake—the smoother its surface, the deeper its waters. She wrote to Manvers on the night before the duel. My arrival had stirred within her guilty

bosom a suspicion that he was about to expose himself to danger. Her letter he gave me next day as we were going to the place appointed. He said, he dared not keep it: she had made all the atonement words could do, but they could never meet again, and the letter would but rekindle feelings that pained him. Her words were these. Oh! that she could write them, and have sinned!

“My Husband,

“I dare not say beloved, for it would seem mocking you in your distress, and in mine which is still greater, for you are innocent whilst I am guilty, and this stain must remain whilst I live; but do you forget it! In a thoughtless moment, when your image was absent from my heart, I injured, deeply injured and disgraced you. I have thus lost my protector and my husband, and left a stigma on my character which nothing can efface. But I need not dwell too long upon my miseries, which in vain have I tried to dissipate by tears. Your friend—he was once mine—is now with you. Had I but one to whom I dared unburden this wretched mind, the weight that now overwhelms it would be lightened. He will not, dare not, sanction bloodshed, and my fears tell me you are preparing for it. If you cannot think of me, he may, to the extent of keeping you from harm. I ask no more: perhaps I deprecate what cannot be prevented. You owe me nothing, but there are those to whom you are indebted for the life you are about to expose to danger. Think of them; return to them; and leave me where I am likely to find my grave: although necessity must soon drive me back to England, and to my family, where reproach and shame await me. To this I must submit; but, ere I say farewell, may Heaven preserve the life which I have so embittered!”

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wish—namely, that, to render the catastrophe more prompt and decisive, they should be, on both sides, doubly loaded!

This was too dreadful—I hesitated: but, alas! that hesitation seemed to him compliance. His bodily state was much too weak to allow of our walking, and we hired a conveyance, which brought us within a few hundred yards of the point specified. There we waited, watching in silence the faithful tide recede from the shores of France. Manvers intrusted to me, on the event of his falling, letters for his family; I took them with a trembling hand, for all *my* courage had forsaken me. It was now past the hour, though but a few seconds, when, turning my eye in the direction of Boulogne, I saw two persons approaching across a small shelf of rocks, which seemed completely to fortify and seclude the spot we stood upon. The figure in advance I recognised at once, by its gay exterior, and by the light step with which its owner bounded over the rocks, as a boy would do in his sport.

He bowed to me, and also to Manvers, who looked contemptuously on his courtesy. The second person had by this time come up: he was also military, but had grown quite gray in the service.

It is unnecessary to dwell long upon the details of a duel; suffice it to say, that every step was taken in the most collected and determined manner by Lieutenant Courtenay's second. We retired a few yards to prepare the pistols, which he undertook to do, for they were weapons I had scarcely ever handled, and certainly not to point against man; the few minutes this occupied were indeed trying. I felt the blood rush from my cheeks to my heart, where it seemed awhile to stagnate, and then to crimson them again. What

folly could have induced me to be an actor in one of those scenes which darken the face of society? This, was not, however, a time for much reflection. The Major, (for he had attained that rank,) told me all was ready. I received the pistol, and placed it in the grasp of my friend. At the understood signal, both were pointed, and, in an instant, I heard the two reports. I looked, fearing that one or the other would fall—it was not so—they both remained standing and unharmed. They retired to load again; when the Major—oh, that bad and cold-blooded man! who seemed but to anticipate fatal results—suggested that we should advance our men, on each harmless exchange of shots, a pace nearer, so that at last there could be no escape. However unusual such a proposition, in this instance it was assuredly made, although firmly resisted by me. But there has been a visitation on this heartless man; as, within three years after the duel, it was my lot to witness. He, his wife, son, and daughter, were all swept off; while some thousand pounds amassed by him, in the army, (by what means is not known,) and invested in a French bank, lay without either friend or relative coming forward to claim it.

The second interchange of shots terminated this unhappy affair, but not, thank Heaven, by the *death* of either party. Manvers fell, and I was by his side in an instant. The ball had entered the thigh, and had traversed, and carried off the knee-cap. A worse accident, short of death, could not well have happened. He was lamed, inevitably lamed for life. It was, however, some relief, when I knew it was not a *fatal* wound, to act as his surgeon. I was applying the usual dressings, when Lieutenant Courtenay approached. Had Manvers been dying, he might have extended his hand

even to *her* betrayer; but, as it was, he scorned his advances. The feelings of the wounded man must indeed have been enviable compared to those of his victor, who, nevertheless, shortly afterwards left the ground, with his sanguinary second, in the most flip-pant manner. After about an hour, the shock from the wound had subsided, and I, deeming it necessary that some conveyance should be procured, left my friend in a fisherman's hut close by, while I hastily returned to Boulogne to obtain one.

It was totally dark when we reached the hotel. Monsieur —— met me that night to examine Man-ver's wound. It promised to be some months before he could leave his room, and so it turned out; for on the 22d of May, in the following year, I met him under the Piazza in Covent-garden, walking with crutches. He had only the day before returned alone to England.

How different were our situations! He, totally incapacitated from pursuing the arduous duties of his profession; whilst I, blessed with the vigour of health, continued to labour in it. I was happy to hear, that his fond and indulgent father allowed him a handsome competence in his distresses—to the subject of which, however, by a sort of tacit compact, we no more alluded. Poverty being kept from the door, he had ample opportunities for following his tastes for painting, literature, and music.

Poor Manvers and I entertained for each other, I really believe, the most disinterested and lasting regard. It was not yet my good fortune to be much occupied in the active duties of a professional life: I had, in fact, no establishment, and but little connexion; hence, leisure afforded me constant opportunities of being

with him. His case had excited all my sympathies; for there could be no mistaking the fact that his health was giving way. In my visits, I generally met his father at his lodgings, which were in Henrietta street, Covent-garden. The venerable man (he had seen his 70th year,) was a true model of the old school;—and, notwithstanding the climate he had lived in, carried with him all the appearances of vigorous health.

Edward's wound continued, at times, very troublesome, and, from the pain he endured, it soon became evident that exfoliation had taken place. Old Mr. Manvers was aware of this, and, after consulting me, requested I would procure farther advice. This I at once agreed to do, being anxious to relieve myself of undivided responsibility. I had already gone too far with him in circumstances of danger; could I then see him suffering, and not feel a portion of remorse? Mr. C., my old teacher, came at my request, and made a most careful examination of the wound. His opinion was unfavourable, and there was no concealing it from Manvers. He seemed, however, to have anticipated all it was our duty to tell him; the sad alternative of amputation could alone save him from a premature grave, so perceptible were the ravages of the disease. His nights were passed in extreme restlessness and sufferings, which the largest doses of laudanum could not quiet; and it was only towards morning, when nature could bear no more, that he obtained sleep. This infatuating poison, to which he was constantly driven from distracting pains, was also enervating his once vigorous mind, for he was not at all times sufficiently collected either to understand or answer me. Mr. C., who could enforce (although feelingly) the necessity of

an operation, with as much skill as he could perform one, devoted on this occasion an hour of his valuable time to my friend; and although he urged that his measures were speedily necessary, he allowed full time for deliberation; for who can at once summon the courage necessary to submit?

I never met a man, in my estimation, so deserving of success as Mr. C. His kind, though jocose manner, suited all, and at once brought him a lucrative practice. He was, besides, totally devoid of that self-sufficiency and abruptness which is both ungentlemanly and unfeeling, indicative, indeed, rather of a vulgar than of a cultivated mind. The only person who has become popular in spite of this unnatural mannerism, is the late Mr. Abernethy. His science, however, (for who knew the human frame better?) added to his real humanity—which all who have seen him at the bedside must have witnessed—were weighty apologies for apparent want of courtesy.

During one of Mr. C.'s visits, whilst he and Manvers were pursuing their no very agreeable tête-à-tête, I was standing with the old gentleman at the window. I watched his countenance, as he caught a word now and then, become pale—and not wishing to notice it, subsequently directed my eyes towards the street. There were but few persons passing, which caused me, perhaps, to observe two handsomely dressed individuals. One of them was an officer, the other a young lady in mourning. I could not mistake them; late events had rendered me familiar with the one, and earlier recollections with the other. It was Lieutenant Courtenay and Edward's wife. I felt it almost a mercy that old Mr. Manvers could not see them; for although the sufferings of a son were hourly re-

mind^{ing} him of her dishonour, and his misfortune, Mrs. Manvers's absence, (for I found she had not till lately returned to England,) had caused her personally to be forgotten by him. She, on her path of guilt, knew not what her wronged husband had yet to suffer. Had she done so, she must have felt additional remorse.

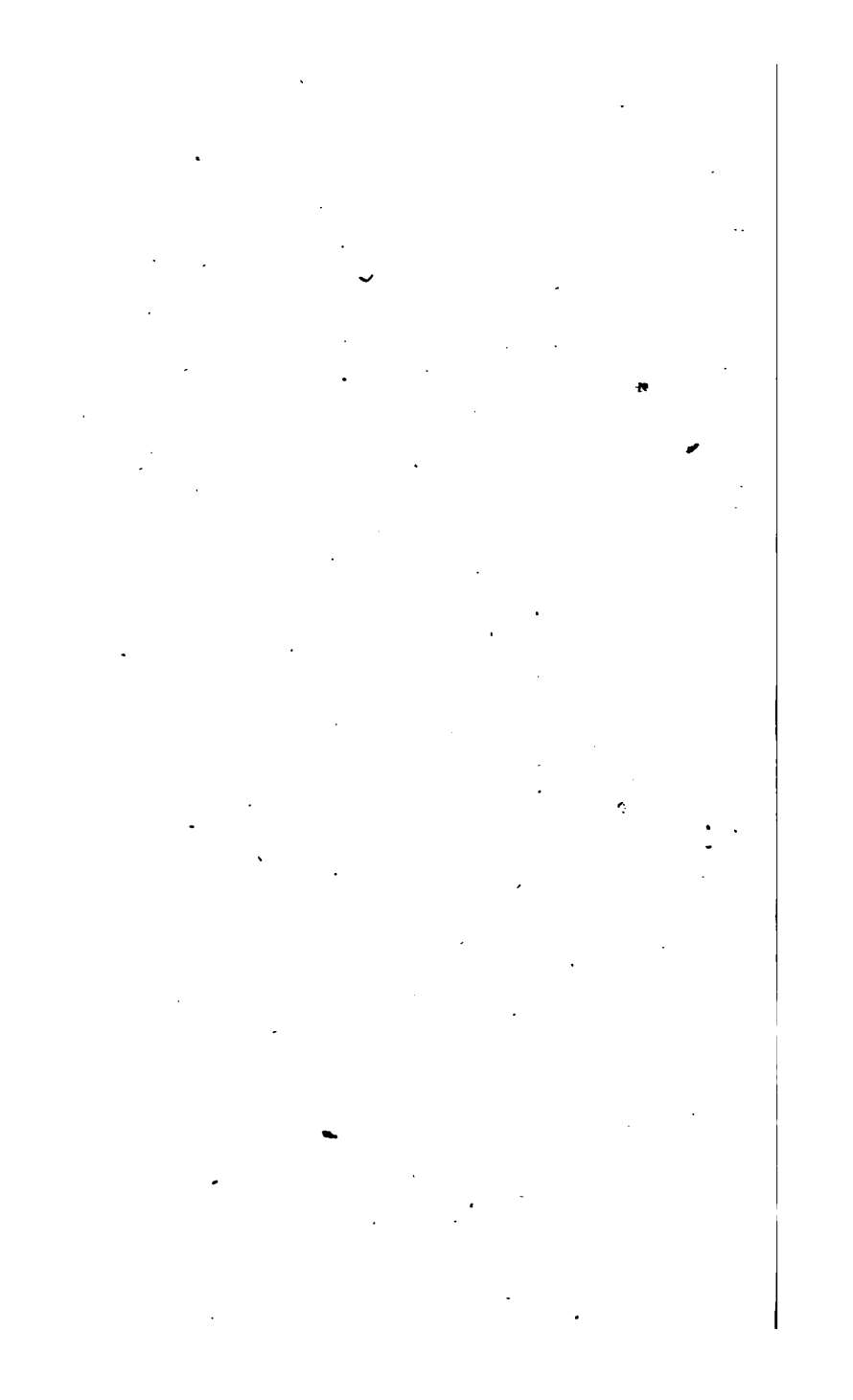
Mr. C. left the room at this moment, and we rode together to his hospital. We agreed that I should visit Manvers the next day, and hear his determination. But I was too anxious to leave him alone till then, and returned. I spent the evening with him. He appeared but little agitated, and, without my alluding to the painful subject, at once, in the most earnest manner, fixed a day, the following Monday, for the operation. I declare, as we parted for the night, I could scarcely release his feverish hand from mine: his sufferings were really heart-rending. For nearly two years had he now been, without complaining, a prey to both mental and bodily anguish, and his trials were not yet over.

The appointed Monday came. How rapidly does time glide on when any doom or suffering impends—not so, however, when pleasure is anticipated; the minutes then seem hours; the hours days; till we experience its false and fleeting joys. The instruments were sent by Mr. C. to my house on the previous night, and it was my mournful task to arrange them. I had just done so as his carriage drove to the door. When I heard his footsteps on the stairs, I confess I trembled. What then must Edward have felt? Mr. C.'s task, in this instance, I would not have undertaken for an empire! To witness it required all my fortitude. When we entered Manvers's sick room, there was an hospital nurse, whom I had taken care to pro-

vide, in attendance, and at the bed's head sat the father.* He was giving his son wine, and did not at first observe us. After a few words from Mr. C., which I scarcely heard, the necessary preparations were made; and so skilful did the operator prove, that the entire scene did not afterwards occupy more than two or three minutes. One of the most gratifying, though affecting, sights I remember, was that of the fond old man, (who could not be persuaded to leave the room,) kissing the forehead of his son. Big drops of suppressed anguish stood there, for he had not uttered the faintest sigh during his agony, and there was a resignation in his looks that could not be forgotten. During the whole night his father watched him. I was also there to guard against any *hemorrhage*. He had sleep at intervals, which was free from dreams, and in the morning seemed even refreshed. Day and night passed thus on, and favourably to our patient. I watched him with a brother's care, and from this attendance on one of the most exemplary and pitiable young men it was ever my lot to meet with, I derived more real pleasure than I can describe. Nor were our hopes blighted, or our cares exercised *in vain*. The worm being rooted out, the tree flourished. Every day he appeared to gain fresh strength. The hectic died upon his cheek, and the darker blush of health returned; and from these bodily improvements the mind derived fresh vigour, for in the course of a few weeks Manvers was able to leave London for his father's house at Hampstead. He had long relinquished all idea of practice, and still lives in comparative tranquillity, though in seclusion. Had fate dealt less harshly with my friend, there is no doubt but he would have taken a high rank in his profession; for, in addition to means and connexion, he possessed a

powerful and original mind, which could master any subject.

The veil of silence has long been drawn over the lost Mrs. Manvers. A voluntary exile from all she should have valued. May she reflect—and, ere it be too late, turn from her guilty path, and strive to retrieve, by repentance, the error of a young and thoughtless heart!



SANDIE SANDEMAN, THE PIPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BARBERS AT COURT," AND OTHER
DRAMAS.

BAULDY COCHRANE once kept a tavern in London called the Burns' Head. It is not so long since, but he must be still fresh in the memories of many, for he was a character, and stood forward in this age of civilized monotony.

Bauldy had been a jeweller in the north, but having drunk deeply—not of any exciseable spirit, (though mine host, to do him justice, knew and approved the purposes of wholesome liquor,) but of poetic furor—he became *non compos*, and having no head of his own, made free to live under that of Burns. The value of patience was practically illustrated at the Burns' Head; for any fellow who was possessed of that virtue need want for nothing the house contained. Allow Bauldy to entertain him by reciting "Scots wha ha'," and he might insure all other entertainment on the most liberal terms; so he did not stop mine host's mouth, he was free to fill his own as he pleased. The consequence of all this was, that Bauldy Cochrane drove a

busy trade, and would have soon made his fortune, had he looked to the one thing needful: but the majority of his customers were of that sort who, after devouring an honest man's substance, add to the injury by allowing the poor dupe to record his own folly. There was not a door in the house but was carefully stippled over with chalk from the top to the bottom.

I believe the poor fellow was ruined, and after, in despair, turned player, in his 56th year. Whether he is still alive, I know not.

It was at Bauldy's house that I encountered Mr. Willie Gordon, an old Scotch adventurer, who had a fist like a sledge-hammer, with which he always struck the table if any of his assertions were contradicted. How far they merited contradiction, the reader must judge from the following, which is related as accurately as the distance between the present time and when I first heard it will allow an old man's memory.

Sandie Sandeman, piper to a former Laird of Airly, loved his glass better than he loved any thing else in this world, or may be in the next. He fuddled all the week, and got drunk on the Sundays; so that it was remarked, one new-year's eve, that during the whole of the preceding year Sandie had not once entered a place of public worship. This sad neglect caused Sandie no shame—nor did he appear to regard the old women when they crossed themselves in pious horror and informed him that such violation of religious duty was the only thing that could place a mortal being at the disposal of the fairies.

Every reproof or caution he washed away with a dram—and as these were the reverse of "angels' visits," the piper, when he attempted to leave the house on the occasion alluded to, was far advanced towards

that state which has been described as the only true independence. He was undeniably drunk: he could not stand without assistance, and it was plain nonsense to think he could travel three long Scotch miles and "the bittock," without help of a substantial kind.

Rory Fergus, who had hitherto been the piper's friend on such occasions, now stood forward. He did not fancy travelling over the heath, famous in legendary history, and known by the name of the "Deil's Stewpan," with a man whom he now regarded as denounced. But being laughed at by the company present, Rory's blood became heated, and, with a profane expression it is as well to omit, he took the drunkard's arm, and they proceeded on their journey.

As they neared the heath, the wind began to rise; the clouds huddled closer together, and then down came the rain, smacking in the faces of the travellers, and making Rory vent many a dreadful curse upon what he called his *overnature*. The change in the weather sobered Sandie so far as to enable him, with Rory's assistance, to push forward at a good walking trot—when they were suddenly joined by a third party, who, according to Rory's account, seemed to him the smartest and handsomest man he had ever seen. The presence of such a person at such a time, and in such a place, could not fail to strike them both as somewhat extraordinary; yet, owing to the annoyance of the weather, they neither cared to address the stranger, or inquire whence he came. They had travelled about half a mile in silence, when the stranger produced a flask, made of the clearest crystal, containing about a pint of rich straw-coloured liquor, which Sandie's eye instinctively recognised as a drop of fine old whiskey. The stranger put the flask to his mouth, and the liquor bubbled up inside the bottle.

"Eh!" thought Sandie, "that's fine."

"That's fine!" said the stranger, drawing his breath, and making a noise with his lips that caused the piper's heart to leap within him.

"Might a poor body make so bold," said Sandie, who could no longer resist the temptation.

Before he could finish the sentence, the flask was in Sandie's hand—who, not waiting to thank the gentleman for his civility, instantly applied it to his mouth, when, to his great surprise, the liquor was gone, and nothing came from the inverted bottle but a thick vapour, that got down his throat and well-nigh choked him.

The first impulse of Sandie's disappointment tempted him to dash the flask to pieces; but the stranger arrested his arm, and gently took it from him.

Rory looked at the gentleman, and could not help thinking that his appearance was somewhat altered: he no longer seemed so very handsome, but rather the reverse; and Rory's heart trembled, as the many tales he had heard about the inhabitants of the other world passed confusedly through his memory.

The rain about this time came down in a solid mass, and the piper and his friend were soon wet to the skin.

"Deil take the night," said Sandie, pettishly: "it were worth one's soul to have the sight of a full stoup, for it's more we have to do with swimming than walking, and the cold night-air gnaws the flesh off one's bones."

As Sandie said this, he cast up his eyes, and there was the stranger, with his clear crystal flask up to his mouth, drinking.

Sandie looked at the liquor. It was rightly tinted—

mellow with a respectable age; and as it appeared to gurgle down the drinker's throat, the poor piper was bewildered to think he had had hold of that bottle, and it had passed from his hands without his draining it.

"Well," thought Sandie, "I must have been beastly drunk not to discern a bottle of whiskey from a bottle of smoke—or tell a full flagon from a foul flask."

When the stranger plucked away the clear crystal flask from his lips, he exhaled a long breath. Sandie did the same, but his sigh was in despair, for he could not ask the gentleman to oblige him a second time, having misbehaved himself a few moments before; so forward they walked, and were near the centre of the common, when the piper felt something cold tickle the palm of his hand, and sure enough he had hold of the stranger's bottle.

"You have a heart of humanity—bless you!" said Sandie to the Stranger; to whom, nodding his head, he added, "Here's to you!" and making up his mouth for a hearty swig, he put the bottle to his lips, when, as before, the liquor vanished, and the piper sucked such a quantity of the foul steam that issued from his flask, as made him cough violently.

Rory looked at the gentleman, and thought he had never seen any thing in his life half so hideous; indeed, this time he could not bear the sight of him.

"Eh!" thought Sandie, "I'll not be fooled now;" whereupon he fell to examining the bottle. He turned it up, but nothing dropped!—he shook it soundly, but nothing rattled!—he smelt at it, but instead of the concentrated essence of all that's delightful, paugh! it was a stink that must have strangled a toad!

"Deil take me," said Sandie in a passion, "but I'll smash you to pieces!" whereon he raised his arm, and

with all the force of disappointment, dashed the bottle to the ground: when, to their surprise, instead of breaking into a thousand atoms, it passed into the earth uninjured, and, through the opening chasm, it might be seen sinking and sinking, as though the land they stood on were turned to air.

When the two men saw this, they became afraid, and turned to where the stranger had stood. He was gone!

Rory was now certain that spirits were abroad, and he doubted not that they had been in company with the devil himself, whom his companion had pledged as a friend—nay, what was worse, blessed as a benefactor.

"I'll try and repeat a prayer," thought Rory; but no sooner had he begun than Sandie Sandeman set to howling, shouting, swearing, and blaspheming, in a manner horrid to think of.

"He's mad!—he's d——d mad!" said Rory. "What can I do with him? I took him in charge—I must not desert him, and I am sore feared to stay longer in this place than will serve my legs to carry me out of it. Lord help us!"

At the last words the piper set up a howl sufficiently loud to find an echo on a heath of six miles circumference, for it was repeated several times plainly and distinctly.

Rory was now frightened into action; so, seizing firm hold of Sandie's arm, and holding down his head to keep the rain from his face, he commenced running at his greatest speed, compelling the piper to accompany him. On reaching the centre of the heath, Rory ran against something which, to his surprise, was materially harder than his own head, and which, on looking up, he found to be a house of genteel dimensions.

Now, he had crossed the Stewpan that day in the forenoon, and could on his oath assert no house was then there; yet the present one had the appearance of having stood for ages. It was wonderfully bothering; and while Rory was mystifying over these things, he heard such a bagpipe begin to play! It was plainly no mortal music. It squeaked and grunted, snarled and snorted, too melodiously for northern ears to listen long to unmoved. Sandie, at the sound of such divine harmony, appeared to revive.

"Come away, Sandie, man," said Rory. "It's tempting Providence to listen to such delightful music. Oh! it's enough to make a dying man foot to it. Do come away, Sandie."

"Eh!" cried Sandie, "if Moggy Macwriggle was here, how her pretty wee foot would fly to it!" saying which, he began to move about his own, endeavouring to give his terrified companion some idea of Moggy's "poetry of motion."

"Come, Sandie—come!" begged Rory, almost in tears: "it's ill dancing when the deil pipes."

But Sandie seemed to have got into the heat of it—for he was shouting, jumping, twisting, and twirling, so as Rory had never seen man shout, jump, twist, or twirl before in his life. It was not, in fact, like any human dance. It was as though some one had tied a rope to the piper's head, and jerked him about with it for amusement. Up he went, high enough to take the breath away—down he came, hard enough to flatten him. But no; the next moment he was kicking his heels again in the air, almost horizontal with the moon.

"Do come away, Sandie, man!" cried Rory; "you must be sorely tired."

Poor Sandie answered with such a groan!

On this Rory took to his heels, and was found by

some neighbours the following morning, lying beside his mother's door, which was six miles from the centre of the Deil's Stewpan. How he got off the heath—which way he came—or what time it took him—he could not remember; but all that concerned poor Sandie was fresh in his recollection, and he repeated it, to the wonderment of the neighbourhood.

A party of villagers, headed by the parish priest, went to search for the piper. They marched to the centre of the Deil's Stewpan, but though Rory protested he had left Sandie there on the preceding evening, he was now no where to be discerned—nor could they discover any traces of him except a large pool of blood, which was smeared about, as though feet had been stamped violently on the ground.

"Lord help poor Sandie!" cried all with one voice—"ha' mercy on the wretch."

"He was very remiss in public duties," suggested the priest, by way of caution to his parishioners.

"They ha' gotten him and they'll keep the poor body dancing till the day of judgment comes to his relief."

The priest addressed the assembly on the spot, and the villagers gave the holy father money for the sake of Sandie's soul; for the reverend man failed not to caution them against placing themselves in the power of the fairies, or stopping to listen to music played by the devil himself, as such harmony had always a mighty skill in making people dance, which was much to be guarded against—inasmuch as though the commencement of the jig was at the dancer's option, not so its continuation. Having once set off, the poor man was first made to jump about till the very exercise was sufficiently violent to sweat all his blood, or, as the priest termed it, "all his mortal life," through the pores of his

skin. (In support of the truth of this part of the holy father's knowledge, he pointed to the stained ground, and the footmarks about the place, which none doubted were made by the piper while undergoing the operation.)—When this was completed, the victim became invisible to mankind, excepting at certain periods of the year—when, owing to the influence of the moon, all the state secrets of the lower world are discernible by such as esteem them worthy their curiosity. At such times, the priest said, Sandie might be seen dancing to the deil as bagpiper, and must continue so to dance against his will for all eternity, unless learning or magic could discover something sufficiently powerful to wrest him from the spell that held him. It was to no purpose that the priest prayed and rang his little bell about the spot. Old women's arts were not one jot more successful; and nothing being found of the piper, the magistrates had poor Rory taken up—and, sad to relate, they hanged him for the murder of his companion, though Rory, on the scaffold, protested he was guiltless of any harm upon that score.

Time and this story marched on together, and neither lost much by their age. The place where the footmarks had been at first observed became a large hole, which was doubtless worn there by Sandie's jiggling it eternally on that spot. Indeed, many truth-loving and respectable men—fathers of families—were found to assert, and, if wished, were ready to make oath, that they had at various times, on rainy nights, seen a poor aged cripple playing sad tricks about the hole which we have accounted for in the centre of the Stewpan—which cripple no sensible man could doubt was removed from all mortal law;—for, though he was no fatter than a ghost, and looked ill beyond earth's life, yet his antics were agile past all human belief.

So things stood till the troublesome time of 1745, when the Laird of Airly having declared against the house of Hanover, on the Pretender's defeat his estates were confiscated, and his tenants deprived of certain employ under an indulgent master. Many of these poor creatures suffered severely, but none more than Donald Christie, who had formerly been the laird's herdsman. Donald's family was large and hungry. This was a sore trial, but the wife's tongue made the bitterest drop in the good man's cup. She was an ill-looking jade; but report adds that her looks were fairer than her mind. Donald, in his distress, clung to his rifle, and for a time kept his wife's tongue still, by bringing home many a fat buck on his shoulders.

One day Donald returned better laden than usual, and as he flung the game on the floor of the cot he could not help saying, "Would to goodness the laird were here to sup off this fortune, for I'm afraid he needs it!"

"Hold your clack, fool!" screamed Mistress Christie, "and think of those that should be nearer and dearer to your home and heart than the silly brute who ha' brought honest people than himself to ruin by turning traitor.

Donald was a true Highlander. He loved his laird as dearly as he loved himself; and he replied in no gentle tone to his dame's advice: whereupon the good folks had some words together, in the course of which the herdsman learned that during his absence that day a poor famished creature had crawled to his door and asked for charity, saying, "that for three days and nights he had not lain under shelter nor tasted food, save a little brose, which he had mixed in the heel of his shoe."

At first, Mistress Christie bade him depart, but his hungry cries at length even overcame *her* resolution,

and her hand was in the meal-tub when it occurred to her that the poor man was probably a rebel: if so, as the soldiers were in the neighbourhood, to feed him was to incur danger—which Mistress Christie was not inclined to do for the sake of simple charity.

“Good man,” said she, “show me your hand. Eh, would you bring your sorrow under my thatch? Get you gone, and be quick, to your lurking-place; for your hand is too white and too soft for any honest man to own it. Get from my threshold. I’ll no lower my bairns’ stock to feed evidence that may ruin us!”

“I have not strength to take me hence,” replied the poor man; “I am worn to death. Do not drive me out, for I am numbed with the cold, and feel very ill.” Saying which, he laid himself upon the floor, at a little distance from the fire, and, covering his face, wept like a vexed child.

The man’s misery only made Mistress Christie the more angry with him: and when he did not heed her commands to quit her house, she threatened to send her children in search of the soldiery, and deliver him to his enemies.

When the fugitive heard this, his visage kindled with anger, and he told her that ~~he~~ ^{he} was the Laird of Airly, at whose board she and hers had eaten; and now all he asked of her, in remembrance of past time and service, was a very little food, that he might not perish for actual hunger. The dame would give him nothing, and the poor laird left her house to die, as she thought, upon the mountain’s side.

“Wo to you and me!” cried Donald, when he heard this—“you have turned back the hand that has fed you—you have threatened betrayal to the laird who defended you! God help us!”

“What ails you, fool?” asked the wife.

“You have done good service to the dell, whose

chick you are," continued Donald, in great bitterness. "You have sown in wickedness, and good cannot grow of it. Would we were in our graves!—sad will be our journey to them. None that bear Donald Christies blood can prosper. You have given the Evil one mastery over us. Cursed be the day I saw you! Coldness seize the heart that loved you! Oh Madge! I have put up with much—I have borne much for you; but this is past patience."

In conclusion, he rushed from the house to seek his master; but it was a vain search, and all that night Donald slept not for agony.

From this time fortune changed with the herdsman. He walked farther, and tried harder, than he had been accustomed to do, but he seldom neared the game; and, when he did, his aim usually failed. It was plain to Donald's eyes that (owing to his wife's conduct) he was under the influence of those evil creatures which revel in the centre of the earth. He became dejected, and his proud firm step was changed for the lazy pace of a skulker.

Doubtless Donald would have raised his hand against his own life: but, with the belief that he was in the power of the devil, came an idea that nothing mortal could destroy him; that he *must live* to a certain period; for the termination whereof he prayed as anxiously as ever bridegroom did for his bridal-day.

In this state, affairs remained for some months, when it came to pass that Donald's family had not tasted food for three days.

In vain did the herdsman scale the precipices he had in more prosperous times pronounced inaccessible. Nothing in the shape of game was to be found—and he was returning home on the third day, exhausted in mind as well as body, when he came to the heath called the Deil's Stewpan. No sooner had Donald placed his

foot upon this far-famed spot than the sky changed from blue to iron-gray. The clouds descended; and the whistling wind beat the rain against Donald's face till his skin smarted under the infliction. He pulled his bonnet lower over his forehead; rested his chin upon his breast; and shrugging up his shoulders, continued onward, and was passing the hole which marked the centre of the heath, when he was startled by hearing something move; and, on turning round, he saw a fine fat stag tossing its antlers into the air and skipping about in the rain like a lamb in sunshine!

It struck Donald as somewhat odd that such an animal should be seen there in such weather; but he was too happy at the chance of taking his children food, to stand in the wet, questioning probabilities.

He cocked his gun and brought the piece to his eye; but no sooner had he taken aim, than the stag disappeared, and Donald saw in its stead a man, who seemed old enough to be Time's grandfather, kicking up his heels and jumping about in a manner violently contrasted with his appearance.

"Eh!" cried Donald, "I were within a guess of the blood stain."

He instantly lowered his gun, which he had no sooner done than there was the stag again, frisking and twirling about as if the animal was provoking the herdsman to sup off venison.

It was a stag beyond all doubt: a real one too; for Donald saw it shake its head when the rain beat in its face, and heard the sound of its tread as it capered over the ground.

Having satisfied himself of this, Donald once more lifted his gun to his shoulder; but the instant he shut one eye the stag popped out of sight, and there was the old man leaping and bounding about the hole in so

vigorous and extraordinary a manner as filled Donald with amazement.

The first time, the poor herdsman had been too much surprised to observe more than the extreme age and singular agility of the ancient dancer; but he was now more composed, and looked steadily at the strange figure before him. How old the creature might be Donald could give no guess, for he had never seen any object to calculate such excessive longevity. The body, or rather skeleton, (for it was little else,) appeared almost mouldy with age; and the few rags that hung in tatters round it were of a fashion perfectly unlike any thing worn by the people of Donald's time and country.

Having satisfied himself of the reality of what he saw, the herdsman shouted out to the old man to move away, as there was a stag in the neighbourhood, and if he shot he might do him a mischief; but, instead of attending to the caution, the old fellow kept on dancing—and, if possible, jumped higher than he had done before; seeing which, Donald, unwilling to inflict an injury on any one, lowered his piece, and then the salutory old gentleman disappeared, and the stag once more bounded forward.

“Grief ha’ made me daft!” said Donald; “I no longer know the difference ’twixt an old man and a young buck.” Yet, resolved to act with caution, he cried out, “If any one’s there, move forward—I’m going to fire!”

No one moved. Donald began to feel angry—perhaps somewhat frightened; so, to bring the business to a conclusion, he resolved not to shut his eye this time—but, taking his aim at the shoulder of the animal as well as he could, without heightening his piece he fired. The wind soon carried away the smoke, and Donald ran to the spot where the stag had stood. No

stag was there, but on the edge of the hole lay an unsightly heap, which he recognised as the body of the old man whom he had seen dancing.

"Seeing's believing:" yet Donald saw and could *not* believe. He stared around, but there was no stag in sight, and the mass that lay at his feet was too horrible a sight for him willingly to recognise as reality. He dared not touch it with his hand, and with difficulty mustered courage sufficient to place his foot upon the figure, which gave way beneath his tread, but offered sufficient resistance to convince him that it was reality—of whatever it might be composed, the shape was substantial. He reeled from the spot, sick with terror, and would have fallen, but for a gust that came with unusual fury at that moment, and refreshed him with its coldness.

Donald leaned upon his gun; and while he gazed on the body, he saw the rags that partly covered it torn away, bit by bit, by the blast, and carried far out of sight; whilst the bones separated, and seemed to crumble away, and the dust was scattered by the wind.

Donald, after awhile, walked slowly home, brooding over what he had witnessed, and which he could not but conjecture boded to him still farther misery.

"Don't sit there moping!" cried his amiable wife, "but lift me the child's smock beside you."

Donald endeavoured to obey, but he could not move his arm, and the effort he made to do so pained him even to faintness.

"What ails you, fool?" cried Mistress Christie.

Donald could not answer for agony, whereon the gentle woman approached him, intending to shake her husband into civility—but when she laid her hand on his shoulder she started back.

"Mercy, man! you are streaming with blood!" cried she.

"Lay me on the bed, wife, for I am in great pain."

When his garment was removed, a small wound was discovered on Donald's shoulder, which had the appearance of being caused by a bullet; but neither during his life, nor on the most careful post-mortem examination, could any ball be discovered.

The story the herdsman told found many hearers, and several of the higher class came to see Donald, who daily sank under a kind of consumption, brought on by the running wound on his shoulder, which, as the poor man foretold, baffled all human skill. A subscription was entered into, and Donald was sent to Edinburgh, where an eminent physician attended him, who left no means untried to benefit his patient, but it availed nothing. Donald Christie departed this life, after a year's agony, on that very hour which completed the twelvemonth—dating from the time when he stopped the old man's capering.

The Laird of Airly lived to be restored to his estates, and Mistress Christie to lament her husband's loss and her hard-heartedness towards a kind master in his adversity.

She was for many years a vagrant about the neighbourhood of Dundee, where the good folk tell numerous stories respecting the arts and tempers of the "deil's chick."

"What do you think o' that?" old Gordon would ask me, when he had concluded the narrative: to which I usually had but one reply—signifying that I did not believe one word of it.

"Well," the Scot would say, "I'm open to conviction, and you'll oblige me by disproving what I've stated—for it came to my knowledge through a veritable friend, whom I cannot allow to be wrongfully suspected of falsehood! So you'll just oblige me by

disproving what I've repeated." Whereupon he would strike the table with his huge fist, and look me in the face, as if to intimate, that if I did *not* oblige *him*, *he* would oblige *me* to disprove it.

Now, I am by no means devoid of spirit, but I hate fighting, and when an argument takes that direction, I generally end it; so, on these occasions, it was customary with me to soften my tone, and advance the common-places general against faith in supernatural appearances, cautiously interlarding them with such phrases as—"a man of your good sense must see"—"a gentleman of your penetration will have observed"—"your superior knowledge will at once perceive." Old Gordon always allowed me to exhaust these species of compliment, to each of which he gave a nod by way of acknowledgment, and then he would interrupt me by inquiring if I had ever been in Scotland?

My answer was always in the negative.

"Then it's not possible for you to understand such matters—you should go and see the country where they took place before you pretend to give an opinion. You're incompetent—you're ignorant. You expose yourself by your foolish ignorance."

At this point Bauldy usually came in with a jorum of punch, mixed, as a favour, in a marble bowl, on the sides of which were written several verses, which he would boast were scratched there by Burns himself, who once possessed the article, it having been originally given to the poet by his father-in-law.

Our glasses were filled. The punch always restored good humour; and Bauldy was allowed to spout poetry, till we, by listening to him, had procured an appetite for sleep.

E. MAYHEW.

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE

BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

EDITED BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

"THERE is but one house in the village to be let, sir," said an elderly woman, in reply to our inquiries, "and I do not know if you would like to take that."

"Is it clean and airy?" I asked.

"It is a neat little cottage, and was a very comfortable one ; but many years have elapsed since any one has lived there."

"Can we see it?"

"Oh, yes, sir ; it is about half a mile off the high road. I will show you the way, and we pass the Three Bells, so we can get the keys from Mr. Mills, for he has them."

The walk lay through a beautiful country. The village of D—— was in a valley, at the distance of only a mile from the sea, but which was not visible from it ; except the clergyman of the parish, and a wealthy

brewer, none of the inhabitants were above the labouring class. The houses were of picturesque forms, the gables facing the street. The Three Belts was the only public house, and it was a model for a village alehouse. As we approached, I observed two aged men sitting on benches in the porch, with pipes and foaming ale before them. Basking in the sun lay a large shaggy dog, and beside it was a beautiful child of about two years old, the granddaughter of the landlord, who stood at the door of his dwelling, contemplating her with evident delight. He was a portly man, of bright smiling countenance, whose ruddy glow was evidently induced by health, and not by habits of intemperance. On being asked for the key of Morton's old farm, he begged us to enter his little parlour, and rest while he went to fetch it. It was a small low room, panelled with oak and the ceiling intersected by huge beams; a polished corner-cupboard displayed a goodly store of old Indian china, among which a punch-bowl was conspicuous, A wood fire burnt upon the hearth for the purpose of boiling the kettle; on the high chimney-piece stood sundry mock shepherds and lambs, and above, hung strings of birds' eggs. But I have left to be last described, the most interesting of the contents of the little chamber. This was the landlord's mother, a venerable woman in her ninetieth year. She was employed in knitting, and chanted rather than sang a monotonous air.

To say she had complete possession of her faculties would be incorrect, but she retained her senses in a great degree. It has always appeared to me a most benevolent arrangement of Providence, that in childhood and in extreme age afflictions are less keenly felt, and we are more easily amused than in the prime and vigour of life. Were sorrow to fall as acutely on

the heart of the child and the grandsire as on man in his prime, their feeble constitutions would sink beneath the blow. Afflictions purify, and make him who feels them bow to the Almighty hand which inflicts them. We oftener turn to God in our grief than in our joy. The child will play thoughtlessly till he is hurt; but no sooner does he feel the pain caused by his own folly, the spite of his playmates, or accident, than he remembers his mother, and seeks in her arms comfort and compassion.

Dame Mills, as I have said, retained considerable possession of her faculties. When we entered, she bowed and requested we would be seated—like all English people, high or low, remarked on the weather—and then, apparently oblivious of our presence, she recommenced her ditty. I longed to have a sketch of her, seated in her high-backed oak chair, in the panelled chamber, her silvery locks turned over a cushion on her forehead, surmounted by a plaited mob-cap, which sat closely to her cheeks. Her features were high, and she had evidently possessed considerable beauty. She wore a dark gray gown, with elbow-sleeves, over which the linen ones were turned up; a snow-white kerchief and apron completed her attire. Many moments had not elapsed, ere our host returned with the key of the house we purposed visiting: we thanked him, saluted the aged dame, and proceeded on our walk, still guided by our former conductress, whom we found was a Mrs. Martin, the wife of the Vulcan of D——.

A gradual ascent, whence we had a fine view of the ocean, led us to the Old Farm, as we found it universally called. It was a low stone building, with numerous gables, each surmounted by a kind of spire.

The windows were large, with stone mullions, filled with diamond-shaped panes of glass. Ivy and clematis overgrew the porch. The garden had evidently been long neglected. The tall chimneys emitted no smoke—no watch-dog barked as we approached. The only sound we heard was the cawing of some rooks, which had built their nests in the tall trees near the deserted dwelling. We walked on in silence, for there was something solemn in the stillness of the place which sealed our lips. The key grated in the lock from disuse, and the rusty hinges turned with difficulty; but at length the door yielded to our efforts, and we entered the kitchen. In the large open chimney daws had built, for years, undisturbed by smoke. Besides this, the house contained two other chambers, and a wash-house and dairy, on the ground floor; above, were three more rooms.

"It is a charming old house," said I. "Do you know what rent is asked?"

Mrs. Martin professed ignorance of the precise sum, but added, "The landlord would take very little, I believe, for there's few would like to live here."

"And why?" I asked in astonishment.

This led to an explanation, which the following pages will convey to the reader.

James Morton was a small farmer, cultivating about sixty acres of land. His wife was a hard-working, industrious woman, and an excellent manager; and what greater treasure can any man of limited income possess, than a thrifty, prudent helpmate? Martha Morton had never borne but two children. The elder, Peggy, was, at the time my story commences, about eighteen. William, her brother, was two years younger. They were both healthy and well-looking—had been taught

reading, writing, and arithmetic. Peggy was an excellent dairywoman, expert at her needle, and bade fair to make as good a wife as her mother.

But no family is without its cares and sorrows; and James and Martha Morton lamented over the strange perversity of their son, who was resolutely bent on following a seafaring life, instead of remaining quietly at home, to assist his father in agriculture, now that his increasing strength made his services valuable. But William was an only son, doted on by both parents, and, moreover, a dutiful, affectionate lad. When he saw the grief which his inclination to tempt the deep caused to his father and mother, he declared his willingness to abandon his own wishes and accede to theirs; but he looked so sad as he said this, that they agreed it was a pity to thwart him; and, accordingly, William, full of dreams of glory, embarked for his first voyage on board a merchant-ship destined for ———.

It was a sorrowful scene, the parting between the parents and their children, between Peggy and her beloved brother, her only one;—the playmate of her infancy, the companion of her now almost womanly years, the confidant of her simple hopes and fears. "When we meet again, my Peggy," said William, "you will be married, and I an uncle."—"For shame, William," replied she, blushing; but, at the same time, her smile showed that the ideas he raised did not displease her. "Pray, pray, my dear boy, be careful when you climb those rope-ladders," said the anxious mother; "and mind your prayers night and morning." "I wish you would bring me over a bull with a hump on his back," said the farmer, "and some of their foreign grain."—"And don't forget my parrot, William," said

his sister. The boy was tenderly embraced by them all, brushed away a tear, and was soon on board the Thames, a fine vessel, which sailed that same day. Farmer Morton, his wife and daughter, returned home sad and silent. Months elapsed ere any tidings of the mariner reached the farm; but at length a letter was received, giving a pleasing account of all that had occurred. William was delighted with the sea, describing the captain as kind, and all his shipmates as gallant, noble fellows. Need I say that joy reigned in Farmer Morton's abode?

Some time after, a second letter, in the same joyous strain, reached them; and for nearly three years they received tidings from the beloved voyager twice or thrice in each twelve months. At the end of this time, a small gray parrot arrived.

"I have taught it my name, dear Peggy," wrote her brother, "and I do not think you will any of you like it the less for reminding you of me."—"Dear boy! Lord bless his kind heart!" cried the dame. "William! where's William?" said the parrot. The old woman and her daughter fairly melted into tears; the farmer walked to the door, but I am inclined to suspect it was to conceal a moistened eye. The bird became a special favourite with the trio, and even the plough-boy seemed to feel pleasure in it; but perhaps it was because he found it gained him many kind looks and words from his employers.

From this time the Mortons never heard directly or indirectly of the absentee. At first they hoped from week to week that ere the next Sunday they *should* hear from him, but when the Rector, after service, would talk to his little congregation in the church-yard, the faces of the Mortons told too plainly that they were

disappointed in their fond hopes, for it to be inquired if they had news of William. About two years afterwards, a sailor, who had returned to D——, brought intelligence that the Thames merchant-ship had been blown up in an engagement with a French vessel,—and now all his relations were convinced that William had perished in the engagement. So certain were they of this, that his father caused his name to be inserted on the stone which marked the family grave, and stated that he had perished at sea aged nineteen years. Time rolled on, and Peggy became the wife of Arthur Mills, a young man to whom she had been attached from childhood. On removing to her new home in the village, she left the parrot, William's gift, with her mother.

"Now that I am to lose you, Peggy," the old woman would say, "I need poor Polly more than ever."

"But I will often come and see you, dear mother, up at the old farm; and, however I may love Arthur, I will never forget my affection for you and father."

"You are a dear good child, and a comfort and a blessing to us, Peggy, said the old farmer; "and who is to be at the wedding, dear?"

"Susan, Arthur's sister, is to be bridesmaid, and Mary and Jane Collins, and Mary's intended, Tom Astell, and John Smithson, and——"

"William, where's William?" said the parrot.

Peggy was mute, large tears coursing each other down her cheeks; James Morton and the mother were likewise overcome, and glad to be left alone to give free vent to their feelings; the two women departed to their respective chambers for the night, while the farmer sat down for a short time in the chimney-corner, ere he followed their example.

Next morning the sun shone brightly on the bridal party, and the rector pronounced Arthur Mills and Margaret Morton man and wife. Subsequently he baptized five of their children, two girls and three boys; but on the day that the fifth was christened, it became an orphan. Arthur's health had long been in a declining state, yet he would attend his wife and infant to church. It was a cold winter's day, and, during the baptismal ceremony, he was seized with shivering fits. Medical aid was unavailing, and that night Peggy became a widow.

Her grief was deep and lasting; but she had now five little ones dependant on her for support. Arthur and his wife had always borne high characters in D——, and many now stood forward to assist the widow and her young family. The rector had lately married a lady of large property, whose benevolent heart made her ready to second all his efforts for the good of his little flock. A day-school had long been a desideratum in the parish, and Peggy was installed as its mistress, two months after her loss, at a regular salary, in a neat cottage attached to the school-room, rent free. At first the task of instructing so many children was irksome to her, but her mind could hardly dwell on her sorrows when so employed, and in this, as in every other instance, occupation was a solace to the wounded spirit.

It is not only unwise, but sinful, to encourage sorrow for the death of those of whom it is the will of heaven to deprive us; we should remember "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," and should learn to say "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" We should be more or less than human did we not feel, and often deeply feel, the loss of a beloved object: such grief is not forbidden us; but we are forbidden to "sorrow as without hope."

Peggy managed to rear and educate her five children respectably, though humbly; but in the mean time her parents had sadly fallen in circumstances. The landlord, under whom they had held their farm for many years, died suddenly. His heir-at-law was a cousin, who had never even visited the county; and who was now prevented by numerous commercial speculations in a distant part of the kingdom from inspecting the property to which he had become entitled. An agent was consequently appointed, who was to be paid by a per-centage out of the produce of the estate, and who immediately began by raising the rents, and increasing the size of the farms. This system forced many from the plan which they had all their lives occupied: but Morton, rather than quit his farm, had agreed to take an additional sixty acres. He had not the assistance of sons, as many of his neighbours had; and he was now growing old: that he failed to pay punctually may be readily surmised; and Mr. Flint, the agent, accordingly gave him notice to quit.

Morton and his wife were one evening talking over their blighted prospects, and trying to form some plan for their future existence, when a low knock was heard at their door. The farmer rose to open it, and a man appeared in the porch.

"Can you give a traveller a night's lodging?" inquired the stranger.

"We shall soon be driven to seek a shelter for ourselves," replied the farmer, whose temper was soured by the previous conversation with his dame.

"I am sorry to hear it, good folks," returned the man; "but I can pay for my bed and board, thank God!"

"Well, come in, come in," growled Morton; "it's not much we can offer you."

The wayfarer approached the hearth, on which a log of wood burnt brightly.

"I could imagine myself at home," cried he.

"It will not long be *our* home, at any rate," was the farmer's rejoinder.

Supper was brought, and their guest eat heartily, but he could elicit very few words from Morton, whose wife scarcely spoke.

"William! where's William!" uttered a voice.

The stranger started.

"'Tis our Poll," said Martha, in reply to his inquiring gaze.

The conversation presently turned on the West Indies, where the young man stated he had been; and he soon told his entertainers he had but lately landed with upwards of £200, which he was about to take to his aged parents.

"And they expect you?" asked the dame.

"No; my arrival will surprise them beyond measure. It is probable they would not even recognize me were I to see and speak to them."

"Impossible, young man! you know not a mother's heart, or you would feel sure she would immediately hail her son."

"Well, well," replied the stranger, "I hope to-morrow, ere this hour, to be folded to my parent's hearts."

He shortly after pleaded fatigue, and retired to the small chamber the hostess had prepared for him.

Earlier in the evening, Peggy's school had just broken up, and she was giving her younger children their supper of bread and milk, when Arthur, the eldest, rushed into the room, crying, "Mother, here is a stranger who wants to see you."—And at the same mo-

ment a dark and foreign-looking man entered the humble dwelling of the widow, and advanced rapidly towards her. He strove to embrace her; but, quickly disengaging herself from him, she said,

"Sir, I am surprised that a gentleman of your appearance should insult a lone woman!"

The person addressed regarded her fixedly, and then said,

"Is it possible that my darling sister should have so entirely forgotten me? Peggy, I am William!"

Peggy sank upon a chair, uttered an hysteric laugh, and then tears came to her relief.

"Can it be? Oh! William, for twelve long years we have mourned you as dead. But where are the shining locks and fair complexion of my brother? Oh, for God's sake, do not deceive me! If you are *not* my brother, what seek you here? I with difficulty support my five orphans, and my aged father and mother are in almost hourly expectation of being driven from their home, to seek a refuge in the workhouse."

Fresh floods of tears, and stifling sobs, choked her utterance, and gave William an opportunity of reassuring her of his identity, though years of hardship beneath a burning sun had so changed his appearance, that even now she could scarcely believe it was he whom she beheld.

They talked long and earnestly of the various changes which had taken place since they parted.

"And so you are *my* namesake," said he, to a rosy boy of five years old. "And you?" he inquired, turning to the eldest.

"He bears his father's name," replied Peggy, "and Baby is called after his grandfather."

"Yes, me Jemmy Mills," said the child; "and here's Peggy and Mattie."

"And will you all love Uncle William?"

"Oh yes, yes!" exclaimed they, embracing him.

"How fortunate it is," said William, "that I should have returned just now, when my dear parents so much need assistance! I have not come home a beggar, Peggy. See here; and he exhibited a convass bag, containing gold and notes to a large amount.

"I thank God you *are* come," said his sister; "and I would equally rejoice were you penniless."

"But I must go and see my father and mother," cried he. "I must tell them they shall *not* leave the old farm;" and he took his hat and rose from the seat.

"Pray, pray, wait till morning, and I will accompany you," interposed Peggy. "Our parents are now aged, and the surprise of seeing you might have an ill effect on them in their feeble state."

"Do you think they would know me, sister?" he asked.

"I am *sure* that they would not," returned Peggy. "Time has effected such a total alteration in your features, that I do not perceive even the slightest trace of your former self. Your voice, too, which was shrill and childish, is now deep-toned. No—they *could* not recognise you."

"In that case I will go and ask a night's lodging, which they will not, I am sure, refuse to any traveler; for see them to-night I must, the dear souls!"

"Well, since you are determined to go to the old farm, William, promise me, at all events, you will not reveal yourself to them to-night. I will be there to-morrow by seven in the morning, and do, I beg of you, let me have the pleasure of witnessing their delight at the restoration of the son, over whose supposed death they and I have so often wept. Arthur and I

used often to talk of you, William, and he would sometimes predict your return. Alas! he cannot hail the fulfilment of his hopes."

"Arthur was an honest-hearted, noble fellow," replied her brother, "and I hope his children may resemble him."

"Amen, amen!" cried the widowed matron, pressing her slumbering babe more closely to her bosom.

William left his sister's cottage to sleep, after years of absence, beneath the paternal roof; and I have already recorded his reception there.

Morning dawned, and the first rays of the sun found Peggy and her children risen from their beds. Arthur, with child-like eagerness, ran as soon as he was dressed to acquaint the neighbours with the fact that his uncle, his mother's brother, had returned from sea with loads of money; and the consequence was, that her house was besieged with inquirers at an early hour—and all rejoiced in the happiness of the humble and kind-hearted Peggy. Two or three of her most intimate friends proposed to accompany her to the abode of Farmer Morton, and she gladly accepted their escort; for agitation and a sleepless night had made her so nervous and weak, she felt scarce equal to the task of carrying her baby. It was not more than half-past six when the party reached the old farm. They were consequently surprised to find the old man and his wife astir, and the stone floor of the kitchen wet, having evidently undergone recent ablution.

Although the bright and smiling countenances of Peggy and her children, and the joyous conscious looks of her companions, might plainly show that no sorrowful errand brought them there, the old people asked

hastily, and in alarm, what was the matter. Smiles were interchanged by the little group, and Peggy said, "Tell me, dear mother, did not a stranger come to you last night?"

Martha became deadly pale, and then replied, "No." The monosyllable was uttered with effort.

"No," said Morton, "we have seen no stranger."

"Good God! he said he would come here. 'Twas scarcely dark, and he could not have lost his way," cried Peggy.

"Who—what do you mean, Peggy? And you, neighbours, what brings you here by sunrise? I tell you no *stranger* has been here."

"Ah! I see, I see," cried Peggy; "he could not keep the secret, and told you who he was, or you discovered him."

"Yes, grandfather did not forget uncle William, though you did, mother," said one of the children. The old man gazed with fixed eyes upon the speaker, and muttered "William?"

"You found him out, didn't you, farmer?" asked one of Peggy's companions; but she received no reply. A noise was heard—they turned—and beheld Martha Morton extended on the floor, the blood gushing plentifully from her lips. "We have killed her! we have killed her!" screamed Peggy, rushing towards her mother. The old woman was raised, and carried to her bed.

Peggy was too much agitated to notice it, but the neighbours observed the bed was undisturbed, as if it had not been occupied the previous night.—Presently the bleeding ceased, and the unfortunate woman appeared to sink into a state of insensibility. It was now remarked that the farmer had not followed the group

into his wife's chamber; and, leaving one of the women to tend Martha, the two others proceeded with Peggy to the kitchen. The baby, Jemmy, sat on the floor, playing with a kitten, but no one else was there; at the same moment the four elder children entered the room.

"See here, see here!"—cried one,—“this is uncle William's stick, which he lent me last night to ride upon.”

Peggy remembered it perfectly. It was a foreign cane which she had remarked the previous evening.

"Where is your grandfather?" she inquired: "I don't know, mother," replied each.

"Me know," said the little one,—“him dip in water.”

They flew to the pond, but saw nothing: the child, however, persisted in his story. One of the women ran to D——, to fetch the doctor, and some neighbours. During her absence, every search was made for Morton, but not a trace of him discovered. Half an hour elapsed ere the messenger returned; but, when she did, the men proceeded to drag the pond, and the medical man hastened to the assistance of Martha.

"She has ruptured a blood-vessel," said he, "and I cannot answer for her life. The slightest exertion or agitation must inevitably kill her."—Mr. King administered some restoratives, and, in about twenty minutes, Dame Morton opened her eyes.

"Are you better, dear mother?" inquired the anxious Peggy. She gazed with a haggard look on her daughter, and strove to speak, but the words were unintelligible.

"William!" where's William!" cried the parrot.

"Murdered, and by his parents!" shrieked Martha.

Peggy rose from the bed, on the side of which she had sat, and would have fallen, had not the surgeon caught her in his arms. The other woman opened the door, and what a sight presented itself! The men, who had been dragging the pond, bore into the farm kitchen two bodies,—that of the old man was still warm, but there was another only half dressed. A severe contusion darkened the brow, and a large wound appeared in the throat. Two bags of shot, and the weights of the clock, were tied to the feet and wrists, evidently with the intention of sinking the corpse.

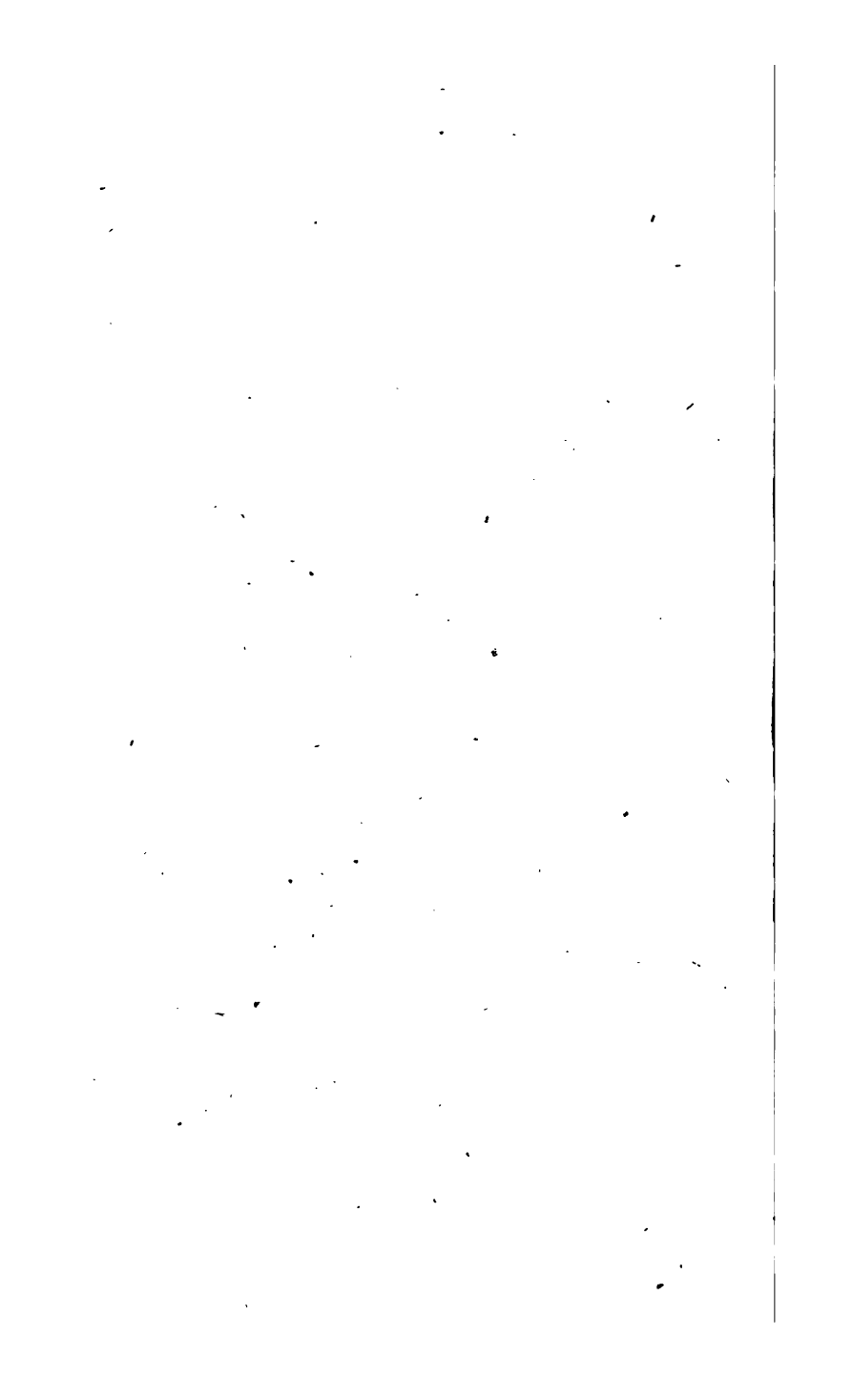
All present gazed with horror and amazement on the dreadful spectacle, and the little Arthur screamed, "'Tis uncle William!"

All efforts to restore farmer Morton to animation proved futile; and Mr. King at length relinquished the hopeless task, and turned his attention to the wife, but, ere night, she too was dead. Concealed in various parts of the house were found the clothes which William had worn, and in the flour-chest lay the canvass bag which he had exhibited to his sister. For years after, Peggy was in a state of mental imbecility, and her children were placed in a charity-school,—all but Arthur, who was taken by a lady as her page. By his good conduct he so ingratiated himself in the family, that he at length rose to be their butler; and when death deprived him of his employers, the legacy they generously bequeathed to him, and his own savings, enabled him to set up the "Three Bells," in his native village. He took his mother home to live with him. "You saw her to-day, ma'am," said our guide.

"What!" I cried, "was that venerable woman Peggy Mills?"

Her reply was in the affirmative.

We retraced our steps to D——, and gazed on the aged Peggy with increased interest; but the story we had heard was not such a one as to induce us to become tenants of "THE OLD FARM-HOUSE."



MISS SMITH "AT HOME;" OR MORE SMITHS!

BY W. H. WILLS, ESQ.

NAPOLÉON described us as a nation of shopkeepers; a community of "Smiths" would have been a more appropriate designation; and, as at least a tithe of the king's subjects claim that title, one of the greatest misfortunes it is possible to be born with—except, perhaps, a taste for authorship—is to possess it.

To be a "Smith" in this "iron age" of rail-roads and steam-engines, is to form an integral fraction of one enormous whole—to be included in a general rule of which "Jones," "Williams," and "Thompson" are the exceptions—to have, in short, a distinction without a difference. The word ought to be struck off the list of nouns proper, for there is nothing substantive in it; it is an indefinite expression that symbolises no one individual, for it means quite a tenth of every body. If a place could be found of sufficient extent, a meeting of "Smiths" ought to be convened to petition for a change of name by letters patent; and the whole congregation,

European and Colonial—white-Smiths and black-Smiths—might be gazetted under the denomination of Legion; for "of a truth they are many."

"Plurals," says Longinus, in the 19th chapter of his treatise on the sublime, "impart magnificence; and copiousness of number gives to the style emphasis and grace." What a "magnificent"—what a sublime theme for pen of poet or pencil of painter, must be the name of Smith!—too elevated, too overwhelming for *our* weak powers; so we must commit the palpable bathos of descending to the insignificant consideration of "one Smith."

Mr. Unit Smith was a man by himself. He eat by himself, slept by himself, and would have died by himself, but for an accidental marriage. He had been blessed with a father (a very lucky thing for a Smith) who left him "alone in his glory," with five hundred a year. With this he retired to a lonely house at Hammersmith, where his whole establishment consisted of a buxom cook, whom he engaged without a character, because she described herself as a "lone woman."

A year had not elapsed before—to his consummate chagrin—he began to have neighbours. He was like the heroine in Marmion, who was bricked up in the recess of a convent; for people would persist in building close around him. But what was worse, these neighbours were uncommonly genteel folks, who had "retired" from the city, and having no business of their own, looked after the concerns of those about them. They were not a little scandalized to find that Mr. Unit Smith's habitual love of solitude and laziness, had partially left him; for he had not only become a husband, but was on the eve of being a father also. Molly the cook having no great desire to retain her maiden name of "Scroggs" longer than she could help, was likely to

add, besides herself, another being to the already overgrown list of "Smiths."

Poor Molly lived just long enough to present her new-wed spouse with a daughter. It is to be feared that the only impression the departure of his wife made upon Mr. Smith, was the necessity of guarding against accidents in future. He therefore engaged a man servant, whose chief recommendations were deafness and taciturnity,

His new relation did not wean him from his desire for solitude. She was never at home, for from the nurse she passed to the school mistress, and from school to the "private governess;" who, it was agreed, should finish her education on the continent.

The time at length arrived when Miss Julia Smith could remain no longer from her paternal roof.—The young lady had not sojourned in France and Italy without acquiring a taste for company; and having completely established a will of her own in her father's house, determined, with every regard for consistency, to celebrate her return from abroad by an "AT HOME."

She had no acquaintance but Mrs. Diggory Smith, whose daughter she had met in Paris; and who gave her a list of the names of *her* visiting acquaintances, to whom the indefatigable Julia issued cards of invitation.

Conceive Mr. Unit Smith's horror, on learning, from his man Jacob Post, the particulars of his daughter's proceedings! The thought that he, whose whole life was devoted to remaining a private—very private gentleman, should have his doors thrown open to the public, was perfectly terrifying! To prevent the catastrophe was impossible; for constitutional inactivity, and uncompromising gout, prevented his taking "active" measures of any kind. He was confined to his

easy chair and footstool like a martyr tied to the stake—the flames were igniting around him, and he had no power to arrest their progress, for not all his expostulation could alter one jot of Miss Julia's determination to "flare up."

By an hyperbole quite pardonable in notes of invitation, the once lonely cottage was elevated to the dignity of a mansion; the trim but narrow entry was no longer a passage, but a hall; the closet down three stairs at its extremity—hitherto sacred to pickle-pots and soft soap, was made a cloak-room; the parlours, deprived of their folding doors, enlarged to a grand *salon à manger*; and the drawing-rooms were to be furnished forth with all "appliances and means to boot" (chalked floors, fiddlers, &c.) for a *salon de danse*!

For some time before the eventful Monday evening divers charwomen were hired at an expense of eighteenpence a day and their victuals; the greengrocer was called upon to redeem the pledge made upon a green board with gilt letters exhibited in his window, of "Music provided for balls, and evening parties attended;" while these arrangements were completed by the engagement of a laïk personage, dressed in scratch wig, long white waistcoat, short black coat, and worsted tights—to "announce the names."

The day arrived; and to Miss Smith's great satisfaction all the preparatiours were consummated with astonishing exactness. The home-made jellies and *blanc-manges* "turned out beautiful;" not a single failure occurred in the custards; Julia's new white satin frock, turned up with blond lace, fitted to a thread; and the chinaman was punctual with his "glass lent on hire." But what afforded the fair hostess most pleasure was the fact, that few of her "invites" had been negatived; and she confidently expected the entire *élite* of

Hammersmith, the fashionables of Turnham Green, with a sprinkling of the *haut ton* of Old Brentford! A friend of a friend of Mrs. Diggory Smith,—no less a personage than the celebrated author of fifteen celebrated melodramas,—had consented to be lionized, and the tiger of Doctor Tweedam was promised, to keep "clear away" the supper.

Who can describe Miss Smith's feelings while dusting her father's best china? The appointed hour was at hand. She trembled at the imminent risk of a family slop-basin, as if the crisis of her fate was approaching. Every vehicle that passed the house, from Rickett's Regulation to Cloud's 'Buss, stopped, she imagined, at her door. She hastened to the canterbury, and placed on her piano the songs and pieces—amounting in number to sixty odd—that were "inscribed to Miss SMITH," all which had been lent her by her neighbourly namesake, who had bought them up from the trade. Every thing was now ready,—even Mr. Unit Smith, whom his man Jacob wedged into a recess upon his easy chair, like a half recumbent statue in the niche of a cathedral,—though his well-stuffed footstool, flannel-bound feet, and dissatisfied looks, gave him a much greater similitude to a cross old gentleman troubled with the gout.

To do our heroine justice, her travel and education had not been thrown away. She received her guests with the dignity of an experienced matron; and although she had never previously set eyes upon most of them, greeted all with the heartiness and apparent affection of long-trying friendship. Thus the *entrées* were managed to a miracle. One blunder certainly occurred. Mr. Socrates Snaps, the apothecary, being too much of a philosopher to deem the common usages of decent society worthy of his superlative *connaissance*, complained on entering the room, of having been grossly insulted

at the bottom of the stairs by a fellow in a long white waistcoat, whose impertinence went so far as to ask, without preface or preliminary, "What was my name? —An insolent rascal!"

"Mr. Gregory Jinks!" shouted he of the worsted tights; and, as if the unconscious lackey had uttered an irresistible piece of waggery, the whole room was convulsed with laughter!

Every coterie has its buffoon. Mr. Gregory Jinks was the *drôle* of Hammersmith. He could not open his mouth without exciting a degree of risibility amongst his particular friends, that would have made the fortune of a comedian. So completely had his imitations of the crowing of cocks, the frying of beefsteaks, and the sibilations of saw-pits, gained for him the character of a first-rate humourist, that no one could possibly suspect him of a moment's gravity. He once "set the table in a roar," by describing how an intimate friend got drowned in the Thames; and, on another occasion, related the particulars of having been himself run over by a coach and six, till the eyes of his auditory run over with laughter. His facetiousness was not confined to mere parts of speech, Mr. Jinks was also an extensive practical joker. He never "made one" of a water-party without providing himself with a gimlet;—administered cayenne pepper and Chili vinegar at pic-nics, and always kept a good stock of detonating balls and exploding cigars, for the use of his most esteemed friends:—in short, Mr. Gregory Jinks was, to the revels of Hammersmith, what Liston is to the Olympic games.

The assembled group had got to that part of such entertainments which always takes place after most of the company has arrived, and immediately before the coffee is brought in. This consists of an unbroken,

embarrassing silence. The titter on Jink's entrance had subsided; many young ladies looked upon the carpet,—not, be it understood, to discern where it was most worn, but because they were afraid to look up. Old Smith gazed round the room with an expression of mute despair; and Mrs. Diggory Smith, the voluminous dowager, was motioning her youngest daughter to pull her frock over her shoulders,—when the door silently opened, and a grave figure stalked into the apartment with the solemnity of an undertaker. He was habited in black; his black hair gracefully curled over the collar of his black coat *à la* Paganini; his black cane was ornamented with a huge black tassel, and his left hand, incased in a black glove, was adorned with a white pocket-handkerchief. This apparition looked mournfully at the pleasure-party, and seated himself on a vacant chair beside Mrs. Diggory Smith's second daughter, Miss Seraphine Cælia Smith.

The silence was soon broken,—not with a rude and sudden shock, but by a gradual progression, like the *crecendo* movements of Rossini's overtures—commencing with soft whispers, gaining volume in murmurs, and ending with unequivocal articulate sounds. The new visitor had evidently created a great sensation, which was developed in a general desire to know who the illustrious individual *could* be? The whole circle formed a chain of conversation and surmise. Each inquired of his neighbour; and whoever was neighbourless, catechised his opposite friend in expressive pantomime. The hostess was eagerly looked for, to satisfy this overwhelming curiosity, but she was in the kitchen supplying the coffee-cups with silver spoons, and giving out *the* silver salver.

Tea actually passed off without the name of the mysterious stranger transpiring. He was very atten-

tive to his fair neighbour, who delighted in being called a "bluestocking," because she was in the habit of perpetrating songs and scribbling "fragments." Mrs. Diggory Smith looked benignantly on the enraptured pair; and, like a prudent mamma, left them to themselves.

Out of the forty odd persons assembled at Miss Smith's "AT HOME," there was a due proportion of "Smith's:" for Mrs. Diggory Smith had a great many cousins and nephews, married and unmarried, who of course were among the guests,—and no small confusion was the consequence. When Miss Smith was asked to sing, a whole flight of nightingales attempted to perch upon the music stool; and Miss Smith, Mrs. Diggory's eldest girl, possessing the greatest activity and the worst voice, inflicted the maximum of torture upon those present, who were learned in quavers and crotchets. Now Miss Julia Smith, the young hostess, really sang very agreeably; with some feeling and without pretension. On one occasion she was fortunate enough to rescue her piano from the remorseless thumps of her rival and namesake. She warbled a ballad with such exquisite simplicity, and accompanied it with so much taste, as to make a deep impression on the heart of Jack Johnstone, who happened to be in the close vicinity of Mrs. Diggory Smith—the piano-forte intervening to prevent his seeing the fair vocalist. "Who is that charming girl?" he asked of his friend Jinks.

"Why don't you know?—Miss Smith to be sure!" replied the joker, as he tripped over to let off a Water-loo cracker under the nose of the sleeping Mr. Unit Smith.

Johnstone turned to Mrs. Diggory for further infor-

mation. "Which lady was it who sang so sweetly?" he inquired.

Of course the dowager knew only of one lady who had sung sweetly, so she answered with conscious pride, "My daughter, sir!"

"What, Miss Smith?"

"Yes, sir, she is my eldest—but Seraph, my second girl—she, sir, she is the singer! I wish she was not so busy with that strange gentleman in black, or you should hear her—she is a real genius, sings her own songs, and plays her own music. Ah! sir, she is—

"The devil incarnate!" exclaimed old Smith, rubbing his nose with great violence. "Jacob," he inquired of his man, whose orders were to keep behind his high chair, "who did it?"

Jacob Post pointed to Jinks.

"Knock him down!" continued the indignant old gentleman, quietly resuming his nap. Jacob did as he was bid!

Never did poor Gregory pay so dearly for one of his "good things:" he lay on the floor completely stunned. Some of the ladies fainted, others screamed, and all who had been lucky enough to get partners for the prospective dance, rushed, in the greatest alarm, to the ball-room, while Julia busied herself with great adroitness to make apologies. As such adventures were not new to the merry-andrew, he speedily recovered his senses and his good humour, and harmony was restored.

During the bustle which attended the settling of the elders to cards, it happened that Jack Johnstone, who was on the lookout for some fair one to escort to the dancing-room, encountered, among the maze of chairs, sofas, and card-tables, the "full face" of Julia Smith. An instantaneous recognition ensued on both sides.

The lady blushed deeply: the gentleman stammered, and kicked over a footstool.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Julia, in a half whisper. "Good heavens, *she* here!" thought Johnstone; but suddenly recollecting himself, he thrust out his elbow with a precipitancy quite fatal to poor Julia's side. He did not knock her down, to be sure, thanks to the door-post for supporting her. "Will you allow me the honour?" he stuttered, undismayed by his awkwardness. Julia mechanically took his arm. She trembled.

"A very close evening, miss," remarked Johnstone, sighing.

"We shall find the drawing rooms much cooler," replied the lady, with simplicity.

Her almost demented companion looked round, and, to his astonishment, discovered that he had so utterly lost his senses, as to have brought Julia into the ~~con-~~ of the cloak closet, instead of conducting her to the dancing-room. Suddenly his temporary insanity took a new turn. He dropped on one knee.

"Julia!" he ejaculated, passionately kissing her hand, "I can retain this mask of ceremony no longer. Tell me how, why, do I meet you here! I am bewildered with the unexpected delight of beholding you again.

Miss Smith broke away from her detainer.

"Stay! stay! I implore you," he continued. "I never dared to express the deep love I have felt for you from the first moment! When I might have done so, I felt that it would have been presuming on a short acquaintance. You granted me permission to commence a correspondence. You seemed to take an interest in the event of my law-suit, which makes or beggars me for ever; grateful for such kindness, I ——

"Mr. Johnstone," interrupted Julia, "you *must* not detain me. If you would refer to the folly we were—

I mean that *I was*—guilty of at Paris, I would wish to forget it. You evidently have done so long since!"

"Never, as I hope for mercy! I wrote——"

"Wrote!"

"My letter was unanswered!"

"Wrote! To me?"

"To you."

All farther explanation was impracticable. The plaintive voice of the romantic Seraphine Cælia Smith was heard near the door, pouring into the mysterious stranger's ear the balm of consolation.

"Why not hope for the best!" she whispered.

"Hope! Hope and Julien St. Cyril de Mountfort are strangers. I have struggled up the steep Parnassus of fame—have reached its summit—can look down from its envied eminence—and say, I have written as many dramas as the immortal bard of Avon; yet one other ambition have I to satisfy!"

"And that ——!" breathed the expectant Cælia, eagerly.

"Is for you," answered Julien St. Cyril de Mountfort: "deign but to hear those vows repeated, I so fervently uttered during our first meeting in Kensington Gardens——"

"Nay, nay, that cannot be," answered Seraphine, returning her lover's ardent grasp.

"I swear by all the—but hush, that noise——"

Johnstone, during the agitation of his "closet scene," had murdered—not a Polonius—but a brand new beaver—by knocking it down and treading thereon. The noise scared the romantic pair into the parlour. Julia and her lover soon followed.

"Ah! Seraph, my dear, here you are at last," said Mrs. Diggory; "we are all dying to hear you sing."

"Indeed, mamma, I am not in spirits."

"That beautiful "farewell" you composed the other

day, after your walk in Kensington Gardens, do try that."

"It will be useless, indeed, ma'; without the "fragment" no one would understand it."

"Well, but I dare say you can remember that, too, child; I'm sure Dr. Tweezum will be charmed to hear it."

"Delighted," answered the doctor, with a look of thunder.

Having collected a tolerably large auditory, Miss Cælia very deliberately pulled a paper out of her reticule, and, despite the continual thumping over-head, which proved that "the votaries of Terpsichore" were tripping it on the "light fantastic toe," commenced:

MISS SERAPHINE CÆLIA SMITH'S MS.

"'Twas evening. The moon shed her resplendent lustre;—a congeries of brilliant constellations illumined the blue vault of heaven. He came—his brow was darkened with a frown—a mighty hurricane of tempestuous sensations swept over his manly bosom. There was a sound—a female form appeared—a cry of joy succeeded; and, in another instant, the lovely Juliana Marianna Montmorency was in the arms of her affianced lover! O! what a simple, original, indivisible gush of pure delight electrified their tender hearts! They wept for joy; but short his happiness was—evanescent as the summer cloud—durationless as the winter sun. The rival of Julien St. Clair sprang like a tiger from his hiding place; he tore the enraptured pair asunder. The lover drew his weapon. They fought—the conflict was long and desperate—and—fatal night!—the grass received the lifeless form of the devoted Julien. His rival approached the terrified Juliana. Detested as he was, he did not fail to pour a

heterogeneous homily of amorous amalgamations into her unwilling ear. She fled—her destroyer would have pursued—she reached the halls of her father, and pouring forth her woes in a strain of impassioned poetry, sank into the neighbouring brook "to rise no more." She expired like Ophelia, and "died in song." These were her warblings:

"Farewell ye purling ponds and brooks,
 Ye buttercups and daisies :
 Farewell ye stately oaks, and rooks
 That caw within your mazes.
 Ye doves and singing birds adieu,
 The nightingale and linnet;
 Farewell, O ! mead of grassy hue,
 And all the cattle in it.

Farewell ye flowers of the streams,
 Ye lillies and bullrushes ;
 Farewell my garden fair, that teems
 With scent, and roses' blushes ;
 Adieu, my home, and loved alcoves,
 My native soil and air,
 Adieu ye walks and shady groves,
 And Julien St. Clair.' "

When the auditory had recovered the effects of this poetic composition, the whole party emigrated from the parlours to the drawing-room, to give time for the people below to "lay the supper things." Johnstone took a favourable opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Diggory Smith, who happened to be seated alone in one corner of the room.

"Madam !" he began with evident confusion ; "I trust you will excuse my addressing you on a subject of some delicacy : but your daughter, ma'am——"

"Which, sir ?" inquired the old lady, edging up to

Johnstone with the anxious smile of an angler who has just felt a most promising nibble.

"The young lady whom I met in Paris; the same, as I understood you, who sang the song I inquired about."

"Indeed, sir! Then you are the gentleman who wrote the romantic letter from Lyons. Why, sir, you must have fallen in love with her at first sight!"

"Not quite so suddenly, madam," answered Johnstone, smiling; "I certainly had not the pleasure of seeing her very often; yet, madam, she made an impression which I now feel can never leave me."

"But Mr. — a—a—"

"John Johnstone, Ma'am."

"Yes, Mr. Johnstone, she read your letter to me and wondered who it could come from. But really, sir, you'll excuse her. My girls have so many admirers that, poor things, they can't always call to mind those who may be most worthy their remembrance."

Johnstone began to think it was barely possible that she, "his bright particular star," might turn out an ar-rant coquette.

"All the influence a mother possesses, Mr. Johnstone, shall be yours. I think your letter stated something relative to a family estate you were at law about," progressed the dowager, taking her companion by the hand with all the affection of a mother-in-law.

"Yes, ma'am, the case will be decided on Thursday; and I am happy to add, with every prospect of success for myself. The villain who has for so long deprived me of my family rights absconded, and in my endeavours to overtake him I had the happiness of meeting Miss Smith. The rascal is, I am sorry to add, a name-sake."

"Our's is not a *very* uncommon name, but he can be no relation, I can assure you."

"Indeed, madam, I could never suspect that a man, base enough to forge the *codicil* of a will, could claim kith or kin with a person so lovely, so innocent, so virtuous as your daughter."

"I will speak to her at once on your behalf, Mr. Johnstone;" and with the utmost impatience did the husband-hunting dame hasten to seek her daughter.

Mrs. Diggory found "Bella" in most lover-like proximity to the philosophical Snaps. What past between the mother and daughter, may be gathered from the fact of poor Socrates being most remorselessly cut for the rest of the evening, by her to whom he had only five minutes previously proposed, and by whom he was just two minutes before unequivocally accepted.

Johnstone was greatly perplexed to find a reason for Miss Smith's apparent denial of the receipt of his epistle, when her mother (as he imagined) informed him that she had not only received it, but was guilty of the deceit of pretending to wonder by whom it was written. His cogitations were cut short by the announcement of supper.

At the table, Johnstone's friend Jinks might be in his glory. There "all appliances and means to boot" for the perpetration of his jokes—practical and verbal—were before him. On this occasion he was, however, unusually unhappy; his sallies were nipped, like a frost-bitten rose, in the bud. A glance at the head of the table, where sat the cross-looking host with his powerful shadow in the person of Jacob Post stationed behind his chair, never failed to congeal the glowing fancies of his facetious brain. He helped the ladies to tongue, without his accustomed joke concerning the garrulity of the fair sex—saw several persons take wine, without inquiring, like Pierre—"what *whin*-ing monk art thou?" and when he asked for porter forgot to make the usual allusion to his *bier*. The brawny fist of Jacob

had knocked his best hits out of his head; he was, to use a favourite expression of his own—"dumb as an oyster."

This Hammersmith *symposium*—unlike each of those described by Xenophon—passed over in a manner that quite reconciled Mr. Unit Smith to the rest of the evening: scarcely a word was spoken. The only approach to a sensation was produced by Dr. Tweezum, who being blessed with a pleasing obliquity and a pair of spectacles—solicited, without apparent reference to any individual lady, "the honour of taking wine with Miss Smith." Never was heard such a jingling of goblets and gurgling of wine since the marriage feast "in Cana of Galilee." Every Miss Smith at the table thought herself specially happy in being singled out for the compliment of one who wrote himself L.L.D., "in any bill, warrant, quittance or obligation." The mistake was not easily rectified, and a great many Miss Smiths thought themselves ill used, and spoke to their brothers.

As for Mr. Socrates Snaps, his thoughts were sufficiently occupied by the extraordinary alteration of his "ladye-love's" sentiments towards him. His philosophy was unable to solve the problem. A little light, however, entered his unhappy mind by noticing the attentions paid her by Johnstone. The fact was, when our hero (Johnstone is our hero, although we forgot to give him a formal introduction) was in Paris, he frequently met Miss Julia Smith and her namesake together, and naturally concluded they were sisters. He was not undeceived on that subject; for his private interviews with his fair enslaver in France were few, on account of the terribly sharp eyes of Julia's governess. When he got Jink's invitation to join him in a *bourgeois* entertainment, he little imagined with whom he should meet. Vexed and dissatisfied at Julia's implied denial

of the receipt of his epistle, he determined to seek revenge in the most violent attentions to the daughter of Mrs. Diggory Smith, whom he imagined to be Julia's sister.

The old lady looked round with the utmost satisfaction; her dear Seraphine Cælia and Mr. Julien St. Cyril de Mountfort, were sighing, and ogling, and nudging each other with delightful perseverance; while the "young man with the family estate," and "her eldest," were getting on charmingly. Snaps noticed Johnstone's preliminary civilities undismayed; the whisper, soft as it was, and tender as it seemed to be, did not alarm him much; but when his rival proceeded to the extremity of detaining his fair one's willing hand to give it a perfectly *visible* squeeze, the mind of Mr. Socrates Snaps was made up!

By a "singular coincidence," the fair hostess at the same moment abruptly gave the signal for the general exit of her lady visitors, by leaving the table. Mr. Socrates Snaps buttoned his coat with the utmost vehemence, and retired also.

When he was fairly out of hearing, Jinks rose, with a gravity he knew very well how to assume, and proposed the health of "Mr. Snaps and the *rest* of the ladies." As this was meant for a *jeu d'esprit* on the chop-fallen innamorato's ill-timed retreat, an uproarious three-times-three was the consequence. Poor old Unit Smith was in a perfect agony; he could not in conscience require his man Jacob to knock down Jinks a second time, as he was only *particeps criminis* in the uproar, and to play at skittles with the whole company would be impossible; so putting both hands to both ears, he hobbled out of the room with the utmost haste. His departure was hailed with "one cheer more," proposed by Jinks, the vent-peg of whose *faciæ* seemed

to fly out with the host: for, after *he* had left the room, Gregory's wit "flowed fast and furious."

The next toast was the health of "Mr. John Johnstone, accompanied with a hope of success in the forthcoming trial. In returning thanks, Johnstone trusted that the good wishes of his friends might be realised, as much for his own sake as for exposing the villainies of one of the greatest scamps that ever disgraced the profession—Mr. Samuel Smith! Johnstone then sat down.

"Mr. Samuel Smith!" echoed Dr. Tweezum, "my most intimate friend."

"Mr. S. Smith?" iterated Mr. Julien St. Cyril de Mountfort, "the most talented—'first robber'—in the profession."

"Mr. Samuel Smith!" reiterated another Mr. Smith, "my brother, the conveyancer."

Glad to escape from the fumes of ill-made punch; or, possibly, overpowered by the corruscations of Jinks's brandy-and-water seasoned wit—Johnstone retired to muse over the wayward fate that brought him so near success in his temporal, or rather, legal matters, and gave so severe a disappointment to him in his love affair; for, to do him justice, the image of Julia had, since his adventure in Paris, been present in his thoughts while contemplating the possibility of obtaining his fortune. It was indeed always his intention to seek out the lady, and declare himself, immediately the issue of his cause was determined.

When at the foot of the stairs, he observed that a garden-door stood invitingly open; and, as a little fresh air was not to be refused, he soon found himself among the shrubs "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies." He was not long in discovering, between the trees, the flutterings of a white dress, and a nearer view convinced him that its wearer was Julia Smith.

Women are, to a man, (as a *reporting friend* once observed) great casuists. Their curiosity is so restless, that if they cannot account for effects by any real data, they set to work and build up *facts* of their own, out of their imaginations. By this process did Julia believe—although we will not be answerable for the precise phraseology in which the thought presented itself to her delicate mind—she concluded, that some "d—d good-natured friend" had informed her lover of the low origin of her mamma; hence his sudden, unequivocal, and somewhat uncalled-for display of attention to her rival, and change of manner towards herself. These were her thoughts, when the subject of them presented himself.

Again did the lady tremble; but the gentleman's embarrassment had entirely left him; his demeanour was cold and constrained, and formed a bitter contrast to his passionate manner in the closet.

"I trust, Miss Smith, you will excuse my seizing so favourable an opportunity of again adverting to our former *friendship*," began Johnstone, in a tone that seemed to strike a chill to poor Julia's heart: "when I asked permission to be allowed to write to you, it was no idle request. I availed myself of it the moment I imagined you had arrived in England, and were free from the *surveillance* of your governess."

"Your letter was never received, sir," answered Julia, with the least possible betrayal of her great anxiety.

"I dare not say to a lady one word that would bear the construction of a direct contradiction," was the reply: "but really, Miss Smith, the only principal member of your family I have yet had the honour of knowing, has actually repeated a portion of the contents of my epistle."

"I cannot understand this; my father would, I am sure, never open my letters, and—"

"Possibly your *father* would not; but there is, I am sorry to add, another obstacle to your proving the non-receipt of my communication."

"Another obstacle?"

"Another bar which prevents me from renewing those vows I so lately made, in the person of—"

"Whom?" exclaimed the almost breathless girl.

"Your mother, madam!" answered Johnstone, bitterly.

Julia instantly burst into tears, and would have inevitably fallen, had not her companion promptly supported her. Johnstone conducted the nearly insensible girl into the house, where a not very coherent story, about having found her overcome with the fatigues of the evening in the hall, lulled all suspicion of what had passed in the garden.

The indisposition of the hostess caused a general "break up." Johnstone, with the proverbial ill-temper of a gentleman crossed in love, left the house with the utmost haste, to the utter consternation of Mrs. Diggory Smith, who had not had an opportunity of giving him her address. Jinks took such good care of the bottle as to become totally unable to take care of himself, and vociferated for the recreant Johnstone with might and main. Mr. Julien St. Cyril de Mountfort dropped a word or two into the delighted ear of Miss Seraphine Cælia Smith, about the "sweet sorrow" of parting, and Dr. Tweezum shook all the powder out of his wig in "fie, fieing" the excesses of divers gentlemen who laboured wofully under the influences of certain evil, though excisable spirits.

The next morning found Johnstone at his chambers, ruminating, over a cup of coffee, upon the least troublesome method of committing suicide. After coming to

the determination of deferring the "rash act" until his cause was tried, he found, on opening a letter which his laundress had just brought, that the writer Mr. Socrates Snaps, would in all probability save him unnecessary trouble. The note ran thus:—

"Sir,—Having been informed by Mr. Gregory Jinks of your address, I lose no time in acquainting you of my engagements with Miss Smith, of Hammersmith; and unless you withdraw the pretensions to that lady, which I am told you advanced last evening, I shall require that satisfaction usually expected from one gentleman by another.

"Your's &c.

"SOCRATES SNAPS."

"So," thought Johnstone, on laying down the epistle, "Julia's conduct is easily accounted for; she would not acknowledge me or my letter, on account of her *penchant* for this rascally surgeon. I shall just present my compliments to Mr. Snaps, and tell him he is in error; my pretensions are already withdrawn."

This was no sooner said than done; and the messenger, who waited, was speedily despatched with an answer.

Another letter made its appearance. Its contents were;—

"102, Basement, Lincoln's Inn.

"Sir,—My brother informs me that last evening, in the presence of several persons, you characterised me 'as one of the greatest scamps in the profession.' If you do not retract these words by five and twenty minutes to three this afternoon, I shall commence an action for slander forthwith.

"Yours, &c.

"SAMUEL SMITH."

"Another letter—twopence, please sir," exclaimed the laundress, before poor Johnstone had quite finished reading the above.

"Theatre-royal, Adelphi.

"Sir,—Understanding from my friend, Julien St. Cyril de Mountfort, Esq., author of 'The Murdered Murderer, or the Fatal Bill-hook,' and several popular dramatic compositions, that you spoke of me as 'one of the greatest scamps in the profession,' I beg to acquaint you, that although I have been playing the first business in the robber and villain line for the last ten years, such an imputation was never cast upon me before; and I can take nothing less than a public apology in the newspapers for so great and unfounded a calumny.

"Yours,

"SMITH.

"Please to direct to the stage-door."

When the paper-beleagured Johnstone had quite done laughing at the ridiculous mistakes the name of "Smith" entailed, not only upon its owners, but those unlucky enough to know them, he heard his risibility echoed by the well-known cachinnation of his friend Jinks,—five minutes conversation with whom converted him from the most miserable to the happiest of men. His friend gave him the whole history of the Smith's of Hammersmith, accompanied with imitations of the peculiarities of each member of each family. Johnstone remembered that he had directed his love letter to Julia "to Miss Smith, Hammersmith;" and as it came before her arrival in town, of course it was taken to the house of Mrs. Diggory Smith.

In a month Johnstone completed his happiness: he won a wife and a law suit during that time, which last completely cleared up the mistakes of the injured conveyancer and the indignant actor.

The last time Miss Seraphine Cælia Smith was seen, it was in a strolling company, in which she acted under the name of Mrs. Julien St. Cyril de Mountfort. As for her sister, she, in spite of Mr. Socrates Snaps, remains a spinster, and her mamma particularly wishes us to intimate, to any young gentleman with a "family estate" in perspective, that *that* "Miss Smith" is always to be found AT HOME.

THE LANDLORD OF ROYSTON.

(ORIGINAL.)

ABOUT the year 1668, the George and Dragon, at Royston, was kept by a person of the name of Stephen Burrough; and from Northallerton to London there was not an inn that afforded better fare or more comfortable accommodation; and many an honourable member from the northern counties, as he proceeded to London to attend his parliamentary duties, or on his return home, after a short session, took up his quarters for the night at the George. In those days, when country gentlemen resided for the greater part of the year upon their own estates, it was no unusual thing for a member of the House of Commons to set out for London on horseback, attended by a couple of servants, who carried their master's wardrobe in their saddlebags. Stephen Burrough, the landlord, was about fifty years of age, easy in his circumstances—for the George was a money-making house—and generally esteemed, by all who knew him, as an honest, well-meaning man. He was not forward and

bustling, like many landlords, but, on the contrary, was rather of a reserved disposition, and withal somewhat religiously inclined; indeed, his love of gain—for Stephen had always an eye to the increase of his worldly goods—was not unfrequently so powerfully combated by his devotional leaning as to tempt him to give up his calling. But, in the end, the force of habit, and the real pleasure he felt in seeing his wealth increase, always proved too much for the admonitions of piety; the publican prevailed over the saint, and Stephen Burrough continued in his old business.

The domestic economy of the house was under the superintendence of his sister Martha, a widow, a few years older than her brother, who prided herself in the excellence of her cookery and the cleanliness of the house, from the garret—*attics* were not then known—to the cellar. The excellent brawn of her own preparation was an admirable shoeing-horn to draw on another cup of wine; the fame of her pigeon-pies at Midsummer, and her pork-pies at Martinmas, was widely spread over all the county, and was only rivalled by the high character of her spiced canary, in the preparations of which she was often heard to declare that she “would not turn her back on ever a woman in Christendom.” It was indeed when under the influence of this seducing liquor that Mr. Praisegod Barebones, in one of his visits,—for he always called to see Stephen Burrough, when in the neighbourhood of Royston,—forgetting the sanctity of his character, essayed, for the vain wager of another quart of Martha’s “*clear-the-wit*,”—for so her spiced canary was christened by Dr. Charlton, the mathematical professor at Cambridge,—to leap over the watering-trough at the door, and broke his thigh-bone in the attempt; an accident which caused great sorrow to the serious and devout, while to the profane and unregenerated it was regard-

ed as an excellent joke ; as if the fall, and crack, of so precious a vessel were a fitting subject for their indecent mirth. The George was, indeed, a house well frequented by men of all persuasions. Many a straight-haired puritan called there, who said a half-hour's grace before he touched his drink, though he sometimes sat till he forgot to return thanks ; and there many a ruffling gallant and swaggering cavalier, prime judges of liquor and lovers of good measure, clanked the wine-stoup till both coin and credit were out, while they trolled the merry catches of Etherege and Sedley, or chanted the praises of sack :

We abandon all ale,
And beer that is stale,
Rosa solis and damnable hum ;
But we will crack
In praise of sack
'Gainst *omne quod exit in um.*

Stephen Burrough was a bachelor ; and as he had never, even in his younger days, shown any great attachment to the fair sex, though many a spruce widow and blushing maiden had set their caps at him, both at church and market, it was a subject of great surprise to his neighbours, and mortification to his friends, when he took unto himself a young wife. Catharine Austin lived with her widowed mother at a village about four miles from Royston. Her father, who had been a subaltern officer in the royalist army, lost his life at the battle of Worcester, leaving his wife and infant daughter wholly unprovided for, as he had been an extravagant careless man ; and their only dependence was on an annuity which was settled on them by one of the Compton family, the colonel of the regiment of horse to which Quartermaster Austin had belonged, and whose life the latter had been instrumental in saving on the

day in which he lost his own. Catharine Austin was a very pretty girl, though the rival beauties of Royston and its neighbourhood were of opinion that her complexion was too dark, because it did not equal the milk and rose purity of their own. Her finely arched eyebrows lent additional expression to her sparkling black eyes; the healthy glow of youth mantled in her cheeks, and her form was such as Albano delighted to paint. Her contour presented no corners, and there was not the trace of a care to be seen on her lovely brow. She was of a frank and cheerful temper, and not unconscious of her charms, which she was rather fond of displaying to the best advantage by her dress; a disposition for which her good easy mother not unfrequently reproved her, but failed to correct. Catharine was not without suitors, but none of them were so fortunate as to engage her affection; possibly because no one had addressed her who appeared likely to maintain her in the manner she wished; for, though poor, she had her full allowance of pride. She had not been educated to milk cows, churn butter, and make cheese, acquirements in those days indispensable in the wife of a small farmer, a class to which the most of her suitors belonged.

Her first acquaintance with Stephen Burrough was purely accidental; no kind "mutual friend" introduced them to each other, in the belief that they would make "a happy couple;" no such person had previously whispered to Stephen that Catharine was beautiful, nor to Catharine that Stephen was rich. Her mother was expecting from London, by the Cambridge waggon, a parcel, which was to be left at the George, at Royston, where Catharine, at the appointed time, proceeded to inquire after it. It was a fine afternoon, about the middle of June, and Stephen Burrough, who had been out in the morning to view the progress of some hay-

makers whom he had employed, was sitting in his snug little room behind the bar, enjoying himself with a pipe of the best Virginia and a pint of claret, when Catharine called to inquire for the parcel. Perhaps, owing to the influence of the delightful summer weather, the exercise he had taken in the hay-field, and the effect of two or three glasses of wine, Stephen's spirits were that afternoon more than usually exhilarated. He was struck with the appearance of the blooming Catharine; he thought he had never before seen a young woman so good-looking, and so good-tempered; and for the first time in his life a thought crossed his mind of giving a mistress to the George.—“For Dame Mary Austin, Hartfoss, near Royston,” said he, reading the direction on the parcel; “but you are not Dame Mary Austin, my pretty girl!”

“No sir,” replied Catherine, “I am her daughter.”

“I was thinking that you were too young for a widow, and almost wishing that you were not a wife, but you must be tired with your walk this warm day; sit down and take a glass of wine,” said Stephen, laying down his pipe, and producing from a closet a long-necked bottle, and a small silver cup most beautifully chased. “You shall taste a kind of wine that I give only to great favourites, and you shall drink it out of the queen's cup too. This wine and this cup were taken with the late king's baggage at Naseby. The cup was once queen Henrietta's, you see her cipher is engraved on it. I have many pretty silver things in the closet there. I only wish I could find a good mistress for them.”

Catharine smiled as she raised the cup to her lip, expressing a hope that he might be fortunate in his inquiry, and happy in his choice. “You need not be long in finding a mistress for the George,” said she, as her eye glanced towards the closet, where a number of

silver goblets, salvers, and other articles of plate were displayed.

"That may be true," answered Stephen, "but then the difficulty is to find one to my mind. I have no thought of marrying an old woman; and then the young ones will hardly look at a man in his prime, however well to do in the world, who might keep his wife like a lady; but are all for mere lads, with scarce a cloak to their backs, or a groat in their pockets, very likely. Now if I could persuade a good-tempered, pretty girl, like yourself, to have me, I would not mind marrying her to-morrow, and she should wear such a string of pearls on her wedding-day, as a duchess might be proud of. There! what think you of these pretty things?" said he, producing a small box, containing a pearl necklace and other female ornaments from the closet. "These were formerly Lady Weston's, and were pledged to me by her husband, the late Sir Ralph, who was killed at Marston Moor. They are all that I have had for two hundred pounds, hard money, besides interest."

"You are jesting," said Catharine, as she admired the splendid trinkets; "and I must now think of returning home, for my mother has been long expecting this parcel."

Stephen now recollected that he had something to say to his haymakers—though he had not previously thought of going out again that afternoon—and as Catharine's road lay past his field, he offered her his company as far as he went. She accepted his offer; and so much was Stephen pleased with her, that within a week, he called upon old Dame Austin, and proposed himself as a suitor to her daughter. It is needless to relate the manner in which a wealthy man of fifty wins a poor, and rather vain girl of nineteen; it can be much better conceived by any reader between those

ages than it can be expressed by words; let it be enough to say, that he proved so persuasive a wooer, that in six weeks, Catharine Austin became mistress of the George.

This sudden and unlooked for match caused no small surprise to all who knew the parties; and many persons uncharitably declared Stephen to be a doting old fool, that had been deluded into marriage by an artful girl, who in reality, cared nothing for him, but who had married him chiefly for the sake of what he possessed, and to have an opportunity of displaying her beauty and her finery to the gallants that frequented the George. Whatever might be the motives that influenced Catharine, her husband who loved her to distraction, had for three years no substantial reason to complain of her conduct; though her gaiety and love of dress, and the attentions which were paid her by some of his younger customers, made him uneasy and caused him to wish that either his wife were a little less admired, or himself not quite so old.

The frequent visits of Charles II. to Newmarket, caused Royston, on such occasions, to be favoured with the company of many of the courtiers, and their attendants. A young man of the name of Richard Wilton, secretary to the Duke of Buckingham, was accustomed, at these visits, always to lodge at the George; and, amongst all who frequented the house, whether serious or gay, there was not one whom the young hostess received with a heartier welcome, or was more glad to see. He was always gallantly attired; was of an agreeable person and manly figure; and not a nobleman in his majesty's train rode his horse with more grace. He could sing, and accompany himself on the viol-de-gamba, like a professor; and, altogether, his manners and accomplishments were such as were likely to make an impression on the heart of Catharine, to

whose charms he was far from being insensible. His visits, latterly, had been more frequent than usual, for he sometimes called when the court was not at Newmarket; but as he always, on such occasions, professed to be on some business of the Duke's, and made no lengthened stay, his calling excited no remark. When he came, he seldom failed to bring some trifling present for Catharine, such as a pair of scented French gloves, or a piece of Flanders lace; while he propitiated the favour of Martha, who still continued to preside over the culinary department, by praising her cookery, which he declared was not excelled at the table of his master, and by occasionally bringing her a box of rare spices, or a bottle of citron-water. Whatever might be the real cause of his more frequent visits to Royston, Catharine was not displeased with them. She was always glad when she heard of his arrival, and was sorry when he went away. She had insensibly become attached to him without ever imagining that her regard was daily ripening into love.

One afternoon, on the first of May, Richard Wilton arrived at Royston. In those times when "Merry England" was no misnomer, this day was observed as one especially devoted to festivity and mirth; and the evening was always celebrated by a dance at the George, the only day in the year on which Stephen Burrough allowed of this vain amusement, as he considered it, in his house. Catharine's eyes sparkled with joy as she hastened to the door to receive Wilton, for her husband happened to be confined to his apartment from an attack of rheumatism, and Martha was engaged in decorating the great room with flowers and branches of thorn for the dance in the evening. "I am so glad to see you here to-day," said she, as she accompanied him to his favourite room, the little oak parlour looking into the garden; "we have a dance in

the evening, and I expect we shall have your company. Stephen, who, indeed, never dances, is confined with the rheumatism; and if you will only join the Mayers, I will be your partner."

"I have come expressly down from London to ask you to be my partner," replied Wilton. "I could wish that this May-day night, if we are to be partners, might last for ever. Since you came here, Catharine, I never can bear to leave the George, and am never easy till I return again. But as you are glad to see me, you cannot refuse giving me May-day welcome," said he, folding her in his arms, and giving her a kiss more fervent than even holiday custom would warrant.

"For Heaven's sake have done Wilton, and do not talk so! You really grow worse every time you come. Recollect who I am."

"Ah, that I do but too often; you are Stephen Burrough's wife; and were you but mine, a humble cottage would be to me a palace of pleasure, and I should not envy king Charles his crown."

"You are now repeating some of your master's lessons," rejoined Catharine; "we shall see at night if you can walk a galliard, or lead down a country dance, as well as you sing a madrigal and talk court-compliments; but I hear sister Martha, who has heard of your arrival, coming with her cake and cordial. I shall see you at the dance."

Though Wilton's moral principles were so far corrupted by the example of what he saw occurring daily in the society in which the duke his master chiefly lived, as to permit him to attempt to seduce another's wife from her duty and her home, yet his feelings were not so far debased as to allow him to entertain the thought of withdrawing from her husband, and then abandoning to the world's scorn, a woman whose guilt was her affection towards himself. His regard for Catharine

was too warm and too sincere to allow of his harbouring such an intention; and he endeavoured to silence the "still small voice" of conscience, that whispered him he was doing wrong, by firmly resolving to marry her should he be able to prevail on her to leave her home. From the moment he perceived that the too incautious Catharine felt interested about him; that her eye brightened when he came, and that it was dimmed occasionally by something like a tear when he was to depart, his passion for her increased. He became unsettled and unhappy except when he was at Royston; and being unable to contend longer with his feelings, he had now come down to declare his intentions, and carry her off with him; and in the event of her not consenting, firmly resolved to expose her to no further trial, and never see her again.

From the time of Catharine becoming acquainted with Wilton, a change had gradually taken place in her feelings, and she began to be dissatisfied with her husband and her home without exactly knowing why. Wilton's engaging manners and flattering attentions had won upon her unguarded heart; and she already loved him before she was aware of the danger of her situation. Her marriage with Stephen had not on her part been one of affection; and when she compared him with Wilton, the young and engaging Wilton, who had often, half in earnest, half in jest, declared his regret that he had not known her before she became Mrs. Burrough, she bitterly lamented that she was a wife. Stephen had of late noticed an alteration in her manner, and having once or twice perceived her sitting alone and in tears, he gave her to understand—although he doted on her like a child, and the very thought was agonizing to him—that he suspected her altered demeanour to proceed from the secret preference she gave to another. These suspicions, as may easily be con-

ceived, did not tend to rekindle the slumbering embers of duty, nor to reconcile Catharine to her situation.

In the evening, when she came dressed in her gayest attire to invite Wilton to the dance which was about to commence, she found him thoughtfully pacing up and down the room.

"And am I not to have you for a partner then, Wilton?" said she, half smiling. "I did not think that you would have required so much asking."

"That depends upon yourself, Catharine. But if a partner now, a partner for ever. Let me at once declare the truth—you know I love you:—I have come here for the very purpose of endeavouring to prevail on you to leave Royston with me, and this very night, or to bid you farewell for ever. If you refuse me, you will never again be annoyed either by my presence or by my proposal. I can no longer bear to be as I am. It is needless attempting to reason with me. Be mine. Fly with me; you leave no child to weep for you; to-morrow you shall be my wife. I shall leave the duke's service, and we can retire to some place where no one knows us, and live only for each other. Drive me not to despair by your refusal."

In language such as this did Wilton urge his suit upon the inconsiderate Catharine, who was already too much prepossessed in his favour to reject it as she ought. She had already taken the first step from the path of duty in listening to his previous flattering addresses, and she now had no longer the firmness to hold back. The principles of prudence and virtue generally afford but a feeble resistance to the current of human passions when previous addresses have been unguardedly listened to, and an attachment has been already formed. The voice of reason and of duty is unheard in the tumult, and the half-compelled, half-assenting victim is hurried away with the stream. After attempt-

ing in vain to combat his proposal, and overcome by his prayers, his entreaties, and his professions, she sank into his arms; and, as she hid her face in his bosom, consented to abandon for him home, husband, and good name, and be his only for ever. -

It was now agreed that Wilton should not join the merry Mayers; and he excused himself to kind old Martha, who also came to invite him, on plea of fatigue from a long ride, and the necessity he was under of forwarding some communications to the duke, which would unavoidably occupy him during the whole of the evening. When the dance was over, in which Catharine did not join, and all the household had retired to bed, she stripped off the ornaments she had worn during the evening—her husband's present on her wedding-day—and returned them to the little box in the closet where she had first seen them, leaving a letter on the table directed to Stephen, whose confinement to his room favoured Wilton's design. Drawing on a hood, and wrapping herself in a riding-cloak, she softly opened a back door which led into the garden, at the gate of which she found Wilton waiting for her, with his horse ready saddled. With a beating heart, and trembling in every limb, she mounted behind him, and, in a flood of bitter tears, bade a long adieu to a house in which she once fancied she could be happy. They soon reached Ware, where a servant that Wilton had left was waiting with a fresh horse, on which the fugitives continued their flight, arriving in London almost as soon as they were missed from the inn. In the course of a few days he was privately married to her in his mother's maiden name, thus thinking to palliate his conduct by an act which the laws of his country considered an aggravation of the offence, and declared highly penal on the part of her to whom he thus sought to make reparation. He, at the same time, made

a full declaration to Buckingham of what he had done, stating his intention of leaving his grace's service, and retiring to a distant part of the country.

Buckingham's own principles and practice, he being at that period a frequent visiter to

"Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love,"

made him look lightly on what he considered merely as a venial offence; nay, within the pale of Charles's profligate court, Wilton's conduct was more likely to be applauded than condemned. As he had a great regard for Wilton, he offered him the situation of steward on one of his northern estates, which then happened to be vacant, declaring his readiness to keep the appointment secret in order to favour Wilton's views. This offer, which corresponded so perfectly with his design, Wilton immediately accepted; and when he pretended to retire to Holland, he proceeded under his assumed name with Catharine to his new place of abode. •

We must now return to the George at Royston. On the morning after Catharine's elopement, when Stephen Burrough awoke, he was rather surprised at not finding her in the room, nor any trace of her having been there during the night; he therefore concluded, that not liking to disturb him, she had slept in the apartment of his sister Martha. His wish to be satisfied on this point, however, made him forget his rheumatism; and he hastened down stairs, where he found Martha exclaiming against Catharine's negligence in leaving the keys in the closet. On learning that she had not seen Catharine since the breaking up of the dance, about eleven the night before—for our ancestors kept better hours than their descendants—he staggered to a chair; and before Martha had time to express her

amazement, the hostler entered with a melancholy face, to say that some one had taken away Mr. Wilton's horse from the stable, together with his mistress's best pillion. Martha immediately hurried up stairs to see if Wilton was in his chamber; and as Stephen gazed wistfully round the room, not daring to trust his apprehensions, his eye was caught by the letter lying on the table, which had been left by his wife. He hastily opened it, and found that it contained her wedding-ring, and these brief words: "Forgive me, and forget me," signed with the initials of her maiden name, "C. A." The dreadful truth that his wife, his beloved, his cherished Catharine, had forsaken him, now flashed upon his mind; and uttering a piercing cry, such as man only utters in his agony when the mind sinks under its torture, he fell senseless upon the floor. A surgeon was instantly sent for, by whom he was bled; and after the lapse of a few hours he partially recovered, but his mind had received so severe a shock that he imperfectly remembered what had happened to him. He inquired anxiously for Catharine; asked why she did not come to see him, and blamed her for neglecting him when he was so unwell; and then, as a bewildered recollection of her elopement with Wilton crossed his mind, he would burst into a fit of childish crying, or vow vengeance against the spoiler who had robbed him of his only lamb; who had defrauded him of the wife of his bosom, the being whom, of all others, he doted on and loved, almost as a father loves the child of his old age. For several weeks did the unfortunate man remain in this state, till at length the violence of his grief subsided, and reason reassumed her sway. He now ceased to talk of Catharine, and expressly desired that her name might never be mentioned in his presence; and as he was always much affected when he entered the little room where he first saw her, and

where he first became acquainted with his loss, he gave up the inn and retired to a private house, where his kind sister Martha nursed him in his affliction, and poured balm into his wounds.

After his retirement from business, Stephen Burrough's religious sentiments became deepened and confirmed. He became a frequent attendant at prayer-meetings and preachings, which were then often held by a class of itinerant ministers of the word, professing a sort of motley faith, compounded of the doctrines of calvin and the new light of George Fox. They classed themselves under the comprehensive term of "Independents," which embraced every crackbrained visionary who happened to mistake the glimmering through the flaw in his own upper works for a ray of divine truth. They acknowledged no human authority in church government, and considered themselves called to the ministry by the direct operation of the Spirit. The discipline of the pump and the horse-pond, which was sometimes administered to those enthusiasts by the mob, they called the persecution of the saints; a shower of rotten eggs was to them martyrdom; and the magistrate by whom they were silenced was another Diocletian. By attending such teachers, Stephen Burrough became at length actuated by the impulse of religious enthusiasm. He considered the misfortune which had befallen him as an especial dispensation, to wean him from the things of the flesh, to which he now acknowledged he had been too much attached; that being chastened by affliction, he was now fitted for the ministry, to which he fancied he had received a "call." Inspired with these sentiments, he was in the habit of leaving his home, and travelling through various parts of the kingdom, picking up, as the phrase ran, "fallen fruit from the tree of faith," and endeavouring to save

stray sheep that had wandered from the fold of grace, and exposed themselves to the jaws of that ravening wolf, the devil.

During his travels he had formed an acquaintance with a well-meaning enthusiast like himself, though rather more tinctured with Quakerism, one Ezekiel Barker, who resided in the wolds of Yorkshire, between Kirkby-Moorside and Helmsley. Upwards of six years had elapsed since Stephen's wife had left him, without his ever having heard of or inquired after her, when he happened to pay a visit to his above-named pious friend. In the evening his host related, as an instance of the uncertainty of human life, and as an awful warning to all persons addicted to the profane sport of fox-hunting, an accident which had occurred in the neighbourhood only the day before. A person who acted as steward to a nobleman possessing an estate in that part of the country, had been thrown from his horse in a fox-chase, and pitching with his head against a large stone, had received so much injury as to die before he could be conveyed home. This intelligence having been suddenly and indiscreetly communicated to his wife, who was near her confinement, had brought on premature labour; and the child was dead, and the mother not expected to survive. Ezekiel Barker was in the midst of his reflections on this melancholy event, when a servant arrived from the house of mourning to request him to come and pray with her mistress, as she was dying, and the clergyman of the parish was from home. Taking Stephen with him, as one who might assist him on this solemn occasion, he followed the servant to the house; and as they entered the sick woman's chamber, they met the nurse leading out two weeping children, who had been brought in to receive the last kiss of their dying mother. As the curtain of the bed

was drawn on the side next the door, they did not immediately on their entrance see the unfortunate woman, who, in broken accents, was lamenting the forlorn condition of her children. "What will become of them, without father or mother, or even a relation who will look upon them! Heaven is punishing their parents, and on the children too will be visited the parents' sins! Spare them! spare them, Heaven! and let our punishment suffice! Could I but in this awful moment see him whom I injured, could I but know that he forgives me, I could die more content. Stephen Burrough! couldst thou only know what Catharine endures—couldst thou but see her now, thou mightst pity and forgive her!"

Astonished at the mention of his own name, the sound of which recalled to his memory a long unheard, though now altered voice, Stephen under the impulse of the moment, drew aside the curtain and beheld his own wife, his once fondly cherished Catharine. "He does see thee!" he exclaimed, taking her hand, "and forgives thee, as he hopes for Heaven's mercy himself." This sudden appearance of Stephen, as if a spirit had been evoked by her prayer, was too much for the exhausted strength of the dying woman to endure; it was as a gust of wind, that brightens for an instant, and then extinguishes the flickering light of an exhausted lamp. She looked at him for a few seconds, like one of bewildered mind, who gazes on vacancy and fancies he perceives an object. A faint smile of hope then passed over her features; she drew his hand towards her breast and attempted to speak, but a short convulsive throe choked her utterance.—The struggle was over;—her head fell back upon the pillow, and this world closed on her for ever. She was buried in the same grave with Wilton, and so wonderfully and

mysteriously complicated is the web of human life, that he, whom they had so deeply injured, attended their funeral and wept over their grave.

Stephen Burrough remained but a few days after the funeral with his friend, and then returned to his own home, which he never again left, to wander about the the country as a preacher. A few months afterwards he was found dead in his room, having been seized with apoplexy—to which he had been much exposed since his illness—as he knelt in prayer, at the side of his bed. In the little pocket-bible, which he always carried about with him, and never allowed to be out of his possession, were found the few words which Catharine had written to him, when she eloped with Wilton. They were pasted in beside the record of his marriage, and underneath was written in his own hand the day of her death, 13th December, 1677; together with the words, "Forgiven, but never to be forgotten. 'For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.'"—STEPHEN OLIVER.

THE IRISH LORD LIEUTENANT AND HIS DOUBLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE O'HARA TALES."

It is really quite true that some time ago, and not long ago either, there was a London gentleman who took a strange fit of ambition into his head. His partial friends, or himself alone of his own accord, or he, in concert with them, believed that he bore, in face, air, and even in the upper part of his figure, a striking resemblance to a certain nobleman, who had become highly distinguished in the annals of fame by brilliant qualities of various kinds. In truth there was a likeness, but a general one only, between him and the celebrated Duke (or Marquis—at present we cannot declare which ought to be the proper title,) and, highly flattered by this personal compliment of nature, he did all in his power to seem "the very image." He studied his original as closely as the nobleman's appearance in public, in the streets, in the parks, in "the house," gave him opportunities for doing so; and, in consequence of his observations, he changed his elongated hat for one of a round fashion, and his light hair for a sandy-coloured, or haply (for we hate being as demonstrative as

he himself was) a raven-black wig; he instructed his tailor how to cut his coat; he spent hours before his glass, practising the very tie of his neck-cloth—to say nothing of the other hours occupied, by its aid, in trying to imitate a bow, a smile, a turn of the lip, or a droop or a toss of the head. But, although much was gained by all these adaptations and labours, something yet remained to be done, in order to procure a public and general misconception of who he was: for the Double's great longing consisted of a wish to have people gaze after him in the streets, in proof of how well he enacted his mute lie; and here (as regarded self-exhibition in the streets) lay his difficulty. At home, indeed, or in the houses of his particular friends, while he *sat* quietly at table, he succeeded amazingly well, because, in fact, in a sitting posture, you could not so easily detect that his figure was considerably shorter than the noble one of his supposed counterpart; but one cannot well sit down, out of doors, in a thronged metropolis; unless, indeed, one sits in a saddle, on horseback; and even if one could do the former-mentioned feat, it were of no avail in this particular case, inasmuch as the man to be cheated out of the admiration due exclusively to his own person, never did it; and as to sitting in a saddle, our gentleman had no saddle, not to talk of a horse's back to put it on. Truth must out; although "a *real* gentleman," the high prices at which human existence, with a reasonable share of enjoyment super-added, must be purchased in London, had deterred his hitherto economical and rational mind from attempting the keep of a steed worthy of being seen in and about the great city.

But what will not high ambition endeavour on the road to its object? The Double, after pondering the matter some time, started off, after breakfast, one morning, to scrutinize the studs of sundry livery-stables, of

respectable character though reasonable charges; and with a vivid recollection in his mind of the often-contemplated horse most usually ridden about town by his own original, he selected, before dinner, an excellent likeness of the animal, and hired it, for two days in each week, at not a very extravagant price. And now, if ever a man were on his hobby-horse, surely he was on his; and twice every week, for months afterwards, we have seen him, at fashionable hours, walking or trotting, nay, even galloping, his new acquisition, up and down Piccadilly, and by Hyde Park Corner into Grosvenor-place, and about the Parks, and where not; and veritable attention did they both draw from individuals of the passing crowds, who, having never seen the true man and horse any where but in the open air, were promptly imposed upon; nor is that all; but once or twice in the Ring in Hyde Park, we, and others along with us—for at the time we speak of, he was beginning to be blown amongst us knowing ones, as Master Shallow might say—have seen him bowed, or smiled, or kissed finger-tips to, out of carriages which he rapidly passed in the direction opposite to their motion; and, oh, intoxicating spirit of fame! what a happy glow did not those palpable hits impart to the countenance of the successful aspirant! Indeed, it cannot be guessed by what process of reasoning (to say little of feeling) he thus deemed himself honoured in his own mind, on account of only being mistaken for a celebrated person. What, then, were the grounds upon which the poor Double so anxiously would have disowned his identity? (so anxiously, indeed, that we do believe he was ready and willing to sell himself to the devil, as Doctor Faustus did, could the bargain have insured to him as perfect a change into the likeness he thirsted after, as was the change from youth to age ensured to the doctor by his bargain.) But 'tis useless multiplying ques-

tions or conjectures on the subject: we only know that, in a vein of perfect consistency, he was nearly as proud of the deception practised by his hired horse, as of that toiled after by himself; that he often wished the poor brute were conscious of the laurels he had gained; and that (wiping his brows with a handkerchief in a way he had once seen his better self do) he has been heard to say, after returning from a day's exhibition about town, "I do own myself grateful and proud for having been cast in the same mould with that great man!"

And so far for months as has been said, he passed a very happy life; when suddenly there arose a prospect of great interruption to the gathering of the triumphs of his deceptive existence. It is clear that if the nobleman were known to have left London, he could scarce hope to make people go on believing that he was still in London; unless, indeed, he wished to frighten passengers in the streets out of their senses, by being taken for the *wraith* or *fetch* of the absent public character. In fact, to continue in the glory of the occasional doubt that he was somebody else, the Double was necessarily chained to the place, though not to the particular spot of the place, inhabited by that somebody: and considerable, therefore, were his anxieties, and regrets, and sense of humiliation, when he read in the papers that the noble and gallant ——— of ——— was to go over immediately to Ireland as its Vice-King, or Lord Lieutenant.

True, the high appointment flattered his vanity, in a kind of personal way. He felt it as an additional homage very nearly paid to himself; and strongly was he tempted to spend the summer, at least, in the Irish metropolis, in the hope of coming in for his just share of the usual public, that is street, worship, to be paid to the representative of royalty. But then, first of all, he feared, if he did not dislike, the Irish; and they were at

that time more to be feared than ever, many of the counties of their country being in open insurrection, famine, and typhus-fever. And next, what was he to do for his well-esteemed horse, in Dublin? he could not think of purchasing him,—the price was too much even for ambition to pay, taking purse into account; but by no other arrangement could he prevail on the owner of the livery-stables to allow the distinguished animal to float within view of Ireland's Eye —(the little island so called in the bay of Dublin:) and, in a word, (and, alas!) the newly-appointed Vice-King sailed for his Irish capital, while his disconsolate Double remained, still torn by indecision, in London.

Scarce a month had elapsed, however, after the Lord Lieutenant's arrival in the land (sometimes) of potatoes, when the good folks of Dublin began to be puzzled, as their brethren of London had been, by the vision of his copyist, riding about the main streets, or along the beautiful quays, or in the Phoenix Park; the horse, too, whether the London one or not, being a very good similitude. One fortunate circumstance was in favour of our adventurer. The Lord Lieutenant (though he stuck no great bunch of shamrock in his hat or on his breast, and pointed at, or pressed his hand upon it, as some people had done before him) was beginning to be very popular, in consequence of a mode of conduct, as manly, and as suitable to his nature, as it was good in policy. In truth, from almost the day of his arrival, he had thrown himself upon the confidence of the people, asking the higher classes of them to share his hospitality, or goodhumouredly sharing theirs; and showing himself in public, with the least ostentation possible, to the other classes. To come to our point: he began soon to ride through the streets, very often quite alone: and here, it will be perceived, was the circumstance in

favour of his untired and untiring mimic of which we have already spoken. Here was the Vice-Sovereign in a situation susceptible of perfect imitation by one man and horse; and it is quite true that the lonely impostor sometimes succeeded to his heart's content in consequence; hats and caps were taken off to him by men and boys at either side of the streets, as he rode along, bowing and smiling to a degree of similarity only conferrable by long practice; and having heard that the object of his mixed adoration and self-esteem had alighted one day at the door of a pastrycook's shop, and chatted amiably with the pretty girl behind the counter, he also did dismount at the door of another shop of the same kind, and did also overwhelm with a sense of being inexpressibly honoured and lifted out of herself, the not as pretty handmaiden of the rival establishment; and after all this, he would steal away, horse and self, to deposit the former in his livery-stable, and then win, by circuitous and unfrequented ways, his own humble lodgings and sit down a delighted man, to his chop or his steak, not now playing the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to his orderly landlady or her smoke-dried daughter; though indeed it added to his notions of self-consequence in the house, to hear them begin to say—even while he strove to disrobe himself of the character—"how very like he was."

But his happiness was again doomed to be sadly interrupted. It was announced that the Lord Lieutenant would speedily set out on a tour through some of the counties in Ireland, and some of the disturbed ones too! For all the reasons—and more with them—given for his internal troubles when he heard of the intended voyage from London to Dublin, he felt agitated anew. Doubtless, the Irish he had met with in Dublin, itself, were not so much to be dreaded as he had laid the thing down in his own mind; but the barbarians of the

insurrectionary and remote quarters of the country! the savages, whooping among their hills and bogs, with scythes and pikes in their hands! His soul, although nothing of its darling thirst for renown had abated, shrunk from such a prospect of peril. Besides, would there be much glory, worthy of the name, to be gained by the mistakes of his person committed by the populace of small towns or villages, or by peasants on the road-side, even supposing he should escape danger? Yes! and a new and brilliant ray of future fame flashed on his soul. Yes! by some happy combination of circumstances, in his character of Lord Lieutenant, he, also—and he, really—might allay an Irish rebellion, or stanch the wounds of civil discord. But fears, deadly fears, came on him again. His horse, too, as in a former case!—In truth, we must a second time part from him undecided, and a prey to conflicting wishes and doubts, longings and terrors; and in the mean time, after some other things, let us occupy ourselves a little with his reality.

This was not a year of rank insurrection, in any of the usually disturbed (that is, starving) districts of Ireland. Great outrages were not committed by the neglected, uneducated, and despairing peasantry. The chief feature of their refractory spirit, for the season, was evinced in combinations and determinations not to cut down the corn of any of their landowners, no matter of what degree, who, during the speechifying of a recent election, we believe, had thought proper to give them rather hard words.

"An' so, we're not as much as to lay a finger on the poor Capt'n's whate, ather, Con?" asked one of a body of legislators among them, who were assembled, by stealth, at a late hour of the night, in an old barn, for the purpose of organizing the rebellious proceedings of the next day;—it will be understood that the querist

spoke in a tone of mock compassion for "the poor Capt'n," while his features expressed a bitter sneer.

"The divvle a grain of id 'ill ever lie in shape wid helf from our holy Roman reaping-hooks. Micky, *ma-bouchal*," answered Con, who might be termed chairman of their committee of public safety, though, indeed, he was only squatted on a thin lair of old straw, accidentally found in the empty barn.

"Och, an' its like, if we don't cut it for him, that he'll be forced to send a little way to the north for the nate Orange hands," remarked a third,—"*becase*, ye see, boys, we're only all a set o' the baste-brutes o' Romans that's to be found about him, in these parts, and that he said, out afore all the gentlemen, th' other day, ware'nt fit to be touched wid a pair o' tongs, so we ware'nt, the Lord Look down on us!"—

"Amin," assented Micky—"an' since if he can stop his nose at us, afore the whate is ripe, he can do widout us, when it's ready to shell idself about the fields."

"That's a thruth," said another—"an', sure, when the people that God plaised to put in a country, aren't fit to cut the harvest that God put in it too, why, thin, the Capt'n must only thry to send for the Orangemen, the few hundred miles, as my gossip here told ye afore me, or else see how many rale, honest boys, like 'em, he'll be able to get in the barony."

"An' they're asily counted," resumed Con, the chairman,—"*four* of 'em, all in a lump; ould Spear, wid the head shakin' on his shoulders, like the last lafe on the top of a papalar—he that cries '*amin*' to his reverence, the mininster, in the church, every Sunday,—ould Spear, I say, is one; thru there's the two Hucks, brothers, the wavers; the only bodies that hears auld Spear in the church, or does be there to hear him, barrin the mininster's oun wife and childer, and the Capt'n himself, long life to him—an' to his whate, too—the Hucks

is—stop—ould Spear is one—yes—the two Hucks is three—craturs so worn away with the shuttle, and goin' in winther to a could church, that—but, look up there boys!" cried the speaker, suddenly interrupting himself, as he stared towards the roof of the barn. The eyes of all the other rebels followed his, and fixed upon the face of a man which was visible thro' a rent in the thatch, and which earnestly regarded them.

"It's Connor's, the informer!"—shouted Micky—"out wid us, boys, an' let us give him what some of us owes him, at last!"

"I'm no Connors, and I'm no informer," said the man over head, "stop where ye are boys, and look at my fatures again."

"By the mortal man!" cried one of the conspirators, a young, taciturn, sad-browed fellow, who previously had not uttered a word, though he now spoke with remarkable liveliness of voice and manner, as he sprang from his primitive seat on his heels by the rough wall of the building—"By the mortal man, an' he says throe!—it's poor Ned Cahill is in it, if he's a livin' man this night!"

"You're not far off from the mark, Peery O'Dea," replied the intruder—"and, now that you're sure o' me won't you and the other boys let me drop down among ye, to discoorse one word!"—He prepared to descend through the aperture as he spoke; his face disappeared from it; his legs, his body, took the place of the former; then he swung an instant, by the hands, from the rude joists of the roof, and saying—"tisn't the same way some people 'ud like to see me hangin', boys"—he alighted firmly on his outspread feet, in the middle of the earthen floor of the barn. There was ease, agility and boldness in all his motions while accomplishing this not unperilous descent; and now, the rushlight which illumined the council of the disaffected Irish, showed

the person of a slight-limbed man of thirty, or thereabouts, with broad chest and shoulders, and a well-favoured face, of which the only disagreeable expression was the suspicious curl of the brow, and the sidelong quick glance of the eye.

"Musha, my poor fellow! poor Ned! resumed Peery O'Dea, hastening to him, and there were tears in Peery's eyes, and a tremor in his limbs, while they interchanged the usual salute—kissing each other's cheeks, as they held each other's hands. The other peasants looked on, with various expressions of countenance. Some showed sympathy; some anxiety, perhaps for themselves; and one or two regarded the new comer, as if forming a selfish resolution towards him.

"And how is Nelly, *ma-bouchal*?" demanded Ned Cahill.

"The only sishter, o' yeas is brave an' hearty," answered Peery O'Dea—"if it wasn't for thinkin' a great daile about you, Ned, an' crying, mornin' noon, and night, on the head of it all."

"An' her *weenoch*?" continued Cahill.

"As fine a lump of a boy as ever you ——" began the vain father. His brother-in-law interrupted him.

"Oh, well,—sure I know, Peery; Nelly's gorçoon 'll want no praises you can give him; but that's not the business, now. I cum here, a good stretch o' road, to spake o' something else to you and the boys fornent me, only I'm hungry, not to say droughty, an' 'ud ax a bit an' a sup afore I make my noration; so you'll just step out, *a-vich*, and beg a mouthful for me from Nelly, and tell her I'll see her, may be, the night, afore I take to my thravels again."

"I'll run out," volunteered one of the two men, whom we have mentioned as glancing at Cahill in a questionable way,—“I'll run out, Peery, an' you can be stoppin' wid your brother-in-law."

"No," said Cahill, fixing upon him an expressive look—"no, neighbour (we're all neighbours afther a manner, tho' I won't take id on me to say I ever saw much of *you* afore;) but no, neither Peery nor you need go now. Con, my boy," turning hastily to the ex-chief of the assembly, "you and I are ould friends, an' you'll think it no great trouble to run and ax a morsel to ate for a hungry and a tired man."

"Your afther just sayin it, Ned *a-vich*," responded Con, and he rose and strode towards the badly-secured and crazy door of the barn. "I'll let you out my own self," continued Cahill,—“there,” holding the door only a little way apart, while he again glanced keenly around him, “and now God speed you:” he shut the door, and secured it as he had found it; “and you and I, Peery, can just step the closest of any, to the dour; for who knows who might be on the scent of one of us abroad; there's great temptation, boys,” turning to the legislators, as he drew a pistol from his breast, “great temptation even among neighbours sometimes, in the reward offered for the head of a poor outlaw.”

Short answers, yet such as sympathised with Cahill's well-known position, or seemed to do so, came from the greater number of his hearers after he had spoken: but Peery O'Dea was greatly moved; his friends heard him groan as he turned away his face.

“It's a long time since you cum this road afore, Ned,” remarked Micky before named, “tho' we hard tell of you showing yourself, here and there, in other places.”

“Aye, Micky, the life I'm forced to keep isn't the pleasantest: here an' there, as you say, good weather and bad; sleepin' little, and never two nights together on the same road, an' never undher a christian roof, but out in the fields at the snug side of a stack, or in a wood, or in a plantation, or near the fox's hole, or down

by the river near the otter's bed; and all for fear of what I said a moment ago. The neighbours are very good to me—I'll never deny id; and, as yet, I have no reason to be in dread or doubt of any one; but the reward in the proclamations is a heavy one; that's all I have to say."

He started slightly, Peery sharing his emotion, as a woman's voice came to the door at the outside, high in anxiety, if not lamentation. Cahill, after listening a moment, hastily undid a second time the fastenings of the door, using, however, some caution still, and after saying in a whisper to Peery, "Look about you," opened his arms to embrace his only sister, whom he had not for a long time seen, and who was his nearest surviving relation.

Their meeting evinced deep and true affection on both sides. The young woman had an interesting, if not handsome face, and her person just began to indicate the matronly change, which her characters and duties of wife and mother were working in her mind. She wept abundantly while her arms surrounded his neck, and her face lay hidden on his bosom: but, for some minutes, her attempts to speak could not get beyond, "Oh, Ned! Oh, poor Ned!" Nor was the rough man she clung to unmoved.

At length they began to talk a little more freely, and calling to mind the claim which her brother had forwarded by Con upon her hospitality, Mary O'Dea caused the outlaw to sit down near the door, with his back to the wall, upon her ample cloak folded into a temporary cushion; and confronting him, sitting also "on her hunkers," she gave him to eat of the plain fare she was able to snatch up at home, and to drink, too, out of a bottle of "potheen," diluted with water. During her attentions, and his industry in consequence of them, Mary looked every other instant at her brother's fea-

tures, or scanned his person, or perhaps the state of his attire, while tears still flowed down her cheeks, and plaintive mutterings escaped her. Poor Mary, poor as she was, deserves to be called a good specimen of the only really beautiful existence under Heaven's sun, a true-hearted and gentle-hearted woman; she possessed, too, as may appear, what (thank Providence!) often mixes up with female excellence, in the softest shape, a strong, prompt mind, and a sacred sense of right and wrong.

"An' won't you stop wid us the night, Ned, *agraw*?" she asked, towards the conclusion of his hasty meal.

"You oughtn't to say to me, *won't* you Ned, but *can* you, Mary, *ma chree*," he answered, turning his head to the door to note if Peery continued to do his duty at it, with the pistol he had slipped into his hand,— "that's what you ought to say to me, Mary; but little's the use in thinkin' of the thing the heart 'ud like best to do, when a body isn't able to do it."

"I'll do something to get *you* lave to do *that*, Ned, my dear, afore I'm many days oulder," resumed Mary, glancing at her husband, and, with a nod of her head, looking expressively at her brother, while she spoke in a low, cautious voice.

"Mary! Mary *asthore*!" he said, in the lowest whisper, although its cadence betokened sudden and deep emotion, "what are you for saying, girl? Get up and come this way wid me."

He took her by the arm, and led her into a corner of the barn, where they were far removed from the peasants.

"What's this, at all?" he continued; "tell me in one word, Mary!"

"I know all about it at last, Ned, and I'll do my best to free you from the outlawry," she replied.

"*Duoul*!" he cried impatiently; "the woman has

taken lave of her seven senses!—all about what? and what would you dhrame o' doing? and who tould you, Mary, if you *do* know all?"

"Himself, Ned."

"Peery, his qwnself?" he demanded. "No other cratur: who could? Poor fellow, he couldn't long keep it from me; the heart in his body is too sthraight, and it loves and likes us both too well to let him lie down quietly, and you——"

"Whisht, Mary, for your life! whisht!" he cast his suspicious eyes all around him. "*Musha*, but he's a born fool of his mother to open his lips to you a word about it! an' tell me, Mary, what *are* you goin' to do? what *can* you thry that wouldn't be against your own husband, the father of your *weenoch*?" he continued, passionately. "And daare you, Mary—daare you attempt any thing so unnatural as that? Mary, my curse be upon your head—and I will pray to our father and our mother to curse you out of their graves, if you let only the thought of it come into your mind!" She several times strove to speak; he seemed resolved to afford her no opportunity. "Give over thinking of it I warn you!" he went on, "and now good bye and God bless you, if you deserve his blessing; good bye, Mary, I'll see you again as soon as I can!" He hastily turned from her, and, standing with his back to the door, continued speaking to the peasants, without an instant's pause, "I'm goin' my road, boys, and, as my time is short, I must say what I have to say to ye at a hop-and-a-jump; so here it is. The Lord Lieutenant will be down among ye the morrow morning. He's to stop vid a good frind of yours, I hear, and that's like as if he warn't far off from being a good frind himself. I don't want to advise ye to be good boys fornent his eyes; sure you'll thrate him well of your own accord, because ye all know he manes well to us, (the first of

his kind that ever said so, at last,) and more betoken because he goes about the poor counthry like a man who has thrust in its poor people; ridin' his horse, sometimes, amost alone, along bye-roads and *bosheens*, as simple, ay, and a great dail simpler than some o' the little squireens nigh hand to us; well, if it's a thing that Captain Lighton axes the Lord Lieutenant to ax ye to cut his harvest, it would only be a good turn, afther all, not to refuse; it may sarve yourselves; and may be it might sarve me, too, in an endayvour I'm goin' to make to get lave to come home from my rambles, and take to arning an honest mouthful again; and so, there's what I'm come a begging to ye for: and, now the good night, to ye, boys, or the top o' the morning; for that matter the day's breakin' already. God speed ye."

"Peery O' Dea," he added, whispering to his brother-in-law, "help me to open this ould door, quick, quick! and out vid you now like a hurler afore me! and let us run over a field or two together. I want to spake to you, and keep you free of harm! Come man, hurry!" He seized Peery's arm, and almost forced him through the door-way; and when Mary and some of the peasants went out to look after them, the brothers-in-law were not to be seen. Mary pondered a moment, shook her head, and then bent her steps homewards, little changed in the resolution she had taken to try and restore her brother to society.

"What fool's talk has passed between you and Mary, Peery O'Dea?" asked Cahill, when they had gained their place of concealment, the ruins of an old castle, which overhung the main road to their village.

"Ned," answered Peery, "you know I have told her all; don't fly in a passion wid me; I saw ye discoorsin' together in the barn, and it was asy to guess what Mary was sayin' to you."

"An' that's the way you keep your promise wid me?"—questioned Ned.

"I couldn't help it, Ned Cahill, *asthore*. It was lyin' like a heavy stone on my heart. Sure enough, we both thought it would be for the best; I to hould my tongue an' thry to work for her and the *weenoch* while you were only forced to hide yourself for a start. But I'll tell you what it is, Ned; the mornin' I hard of them takin' you, I set off for the jail dour, to give myself up to them in your stead, as it well became me to do; an' nothin' but the news I larned on the road o' your breakin' jail, an' givin' 'em leg bail, the thing that put the outlawry on you, afther all, poor boy, nothin' but that sent me home agin. Ay, an' I have more to say to you, Ned Cahill; the first moment I hear of your falling into their clutches a second time, I'll be on the road to the jail dour a second time too; for I can't eat by day, nor sleep by night, thinkin' o' you. An' afther all we can say about Mary and the child, my heart tells me I'm not doin' a thing that a man ought to do."

"Bother an' botheration, Peery; do you mane to tell me, even if it did happen that I was locked up agin' that it *would* be the part of a man to start himself off, of his own accord, from wife an' *weenoch*; to say nothin' o' the poor ould father o' you sittin' at home by the fire; an' let them send you for life across the wide seys, if they didn't take the life from you aforehand? I tell you, man, you have your duties laid out for you on this yearth; as for me, no one is dependin' on me, and no one 'ud miss me barrin' yourself an' Mary; an' even ye only for the sorrow, an' nothing at all for the loss; an' I am not a boy given to marryin', I don't think the notion of id 'il ever come into my head agin; for, in throth, Peery, from the day I helped to carry poor Cauth Farrel to the berrin ground, afther the lang sick-

ness that made her a light load to carry any where afore it ended her days"—Cahill's voice changed, and his eyes fell—"from that day to this, Peery, though I was a younger boy then, I never saw the *colleen* I'd care to be thinkin' of; no, nor wanted to see her neither. But we're talkin' a power o' *raumaush* here, in this old place. Tell me, Peery, an' don't tell me any thing but the thruth, how much o' the raal business did you blab out to Mary?"

"I didn't hide a single bit of the raal business, Ned. I told her that it was myself (an' you not wid us nor in the secret) that went up to Lighton's house that night, for the arms, along wid the other boys; an' I told her you only follied us to get me home out o' danger, when, by bad luck, you found out what I was goin' to do; and that when the Peelers purshued us, afther we got the guns and pistols, and were hard and close on my thrack, you ran up to me, Ned, and forced my gun from me, an' made me turn off home by a cross-cut; och, Ned! if it could come into my mind that night, what you were goin' to do—"

"Phu, Peery, I never meant they should ketch either of us, when I took your gun, an' if you were bid by me to use your legs sooner, they never would have to tell that they came up wid me; 'twas our argufyin' the thing that spiled all. Well, no matther now. Just listen to me over agin. What's Mary goin' to do, to thry an' get me free o' the outlawry? can you tell me that, Peery?" Peery solemnly protested he could not. He had never heard his wife mention the subject. Cahill looked grave, and, after a pause, kindling into a rage, said, "By the sky over us! if my sisther, my father's and my mother's daughter, ever attempts the like of it, I could kill her with my own hand!"

Peery asked what he meant; and it was obvious from his perfectly unconscious manner, that he did not

share with his brother-in-law a single doubt of Mary.—Cahill evaded answering him.

“You must stop the day by my side Peery—that’s all; or as much of the day, at laste, as ’ll be wanting to do what I mane to do in. An’, first of all, let us hide here till the Lord Lieutenant passes by to Mr. Lowe’s big house; I’d like to see him, that I may know him agin; an’ he’ll soon come now, for Mr. Lowe expects him to the great break’ast.”

Accordingly, both remained in the old ruins some hours, peering out upon the road through narrow window-slits in its walls. And Ned Cahill seemed to have gained true information as to the movements of Vice-Royalty. After some time distant shouts reached them; they watched the top line of the hilly road; the uproar came nearer; clouds of dust arose in view; and, dimly seen through it, down streamed and trundled the crowds of peasantry, who were drawing his Excellency, with silken ropes, in his open carriage, and the huge crowds who, jumping and capering, were before them, beside them, and behind them and Mr. Lowe, and other gentlemen of the place, on horseback, in front; “an’ not a soger nor a Peeler to be seen!”—as the ecstatic mob declared, and truly declared, the ecstatic mob, who, not two years before, had been enjoying the Insurrection Act, and who have not remained quite ecstatic, ever since that blessed morning.

“I’m tould I’ll know him in the carriage by his takin off his hat and makin all manner o’ bows and fine manners to the people;”—soliloquized Cahill, looking close, as the frantic rout whirled onward the truly and meritedly popular Lord Lieutenant, often tumbling over each other, in the miserable zeal of each and all to “have one pull at the ropes.”

“Well, an’ there I seen him, sure enough,” resumed Cahill, “an’ it ’ll be quare if I don’t know him agin,

after he ates his bread'ast—much good may it do him, every bit an' sup of id!"

At Mr. Lowe's hall-door the people permitted his Excellency to stop. Their parish priest there read him a little address, to which he replied kindly, in impromptu. Again we have to notice the correctness of Ned Cahill's private sources of information. Captain Lighton, who with other gentlemen, had ridden out that morning to meet the great man, handed a note into the carriage. The Lord Lieutenant, interrupting a few words of conversation with the parish priest, immediately glanced once at it, and then, saying something in a low voice, gave it to his late reverend panegyrist, who having perused it in his turn, thus addressed the assembled thousands.

"My good people—down to this morning ye have refused, even against my request, to cut Captain Lighton's corn; here is his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant General, and General Governor of Ireland, and your friend, if you will let him, by deserving his friendship,—and through my mouth his Excellency is pleased to ask ye, will you, or will you not, save the blessed harvest that Divine Providence——"

"We will, plase his Majesty and your Riverence;" interrupted a voice very like that of "Con;"—"we will, out o' glory to *him* for axin us,—an' for another little rason, becace poor Ned Cahill, that we're all sorry for, an' love an' like, is afther bidding us to do the same thing aforehand."

"Ned Cahill! the poor outlaw!" resumed the good priest, forgetting a little chagrin he had felt, on the head of being cheated out of a very pretty peroration, by Con's interruption: and he and the Lord Lieutenant began to discourse anew, in seeming earnestness.

Ned Cahill and Peery O'Dea soon had proof, from a changed hiding-place, that the people respected Con's

pledge as their spokesman; shouting and capering, and brandishing their sickles, hundreds of them rushed into the Captain's fields, and simultaneously attacked all the ripe corn they could find.

And still the outlaw showed a knowledge of how more important people were to act upon that—to him—memorable day. Having again spirited Peery along with him to a convenient place of ambush, he watched, earnestly, the expected approach of the Lord Lieutenant, along a bye-road leading, zig-zag, from Mr. Lowe's house. Peery knew his purpose by this time, and awaited its issue with his own mental reservations of what he would do, should evil come of Ned's bold thought.

"Whist, Peery!" cried Cahill, catching his arm, as he glanced over the hedge of the road, with a sparkling eye, and suddenly flaring cheeks:—"here he is, sooner than I or others had a notion of!—and ridin quite alone, too, by the Powers!—not an *edge-a-gong*, nor Misther Lowe, himself, wid him!—well, an' that's quare! bud I s'spose they're behind the turn o' the road; or, at any rate, it's all the better for me—so here goes, in the name o' God and good luck!"—and springing upon the road, and falling instantly upon his knees, straight before the object of his soul's solicitude and reverence, he continued,—“Oh, your Excellency! oh, my Lord Lieutenant!—oh, plaise your Majisty, hear one word from a poor heart, sore-man!”

“Wha—a—t, what, what, friend?” stuttered the person he addressed, endeavouring to rein in and quiet his horse, who had been amazingly startled at the sudden vision of Cahill; and, indeed, the horse's master did not speak or look like a man of perfect presence of mind.

“My life, my life!” resumed Cahill; “wait, your honour, my Lord Lieutenant, an' I'll hould him, for you!”

—and he jumped up and grasped the horse's reins—
“an now ——”

“Let go, fellow! let go!”—screamed the rider in increased terror, for, from Cahill's brogue and impassioned pronounciation, he had mistaken the possessive pronoun which the suppliant had placed before the word “life.”

“Och, an' won't I, your Majisty, won't I, when you only hear me spake one word!—sure I'm no one else in the world, bud poor Cahill the outlaw, that your Majisty——”

“Outlaw!” repeated the other—“savage villain! do you mean to murder me!”

“Murder you, my Lord Lieutenant!” repeated poor Cahill, in his turn, letting go the reins, and starting back, aghast, with clasped hands—“By the blessed stars in the sky! I love an' like you so well, that I wouldn't harm a hair o' your horse's mane, let alone one o' your own head, for the round world stuffed full of gold!”

“And why do you carry that pistol, then?” still stammered the poor Double, now a little soothed, however, by the honied flattery of Cahill, and the repetitions of the splendid titles addressed to him.

“This! the bit of a pistol, my lord!” Cahill drew it from his breast, where its butt had not been well hidden—“och, an' is id me you fear, on the head o' this!—lookie here, plaise your Majisty——”

He discharged the weapon in the air, close by the horse's ears, however; the animal pranced and reared in a frenzy of terror, and his rider, still sharing his feelings, could scarce keep his saddle.

“An' see here, agin”—continued Cahill hurling the pistol from him—an action lost to the confounded and dancing eyes of the Double—“and now, at laste, your Majisty 'ill please to hear me!”—he renewed his grasp

on the horse's bridle, really only meaning well—"you put the outlawry on an innocent poor man, my Lord Lieutenant!—one that never riz a hand, for bad, in the counthry!—oh, take it off o' me! take it off o' me! Let me go home from the hills and the woods, agin, to sleep under a christhen roof, an' to meet my fellow-cra-
tures widout bein' afeard o' them, an' to put my hand to the spade or the plough, agin, that I may arn the honest bit, and the honest sup, an' that I may go to the house o' God, an' kneel down, there, and put up my prayers for you an' yours, to the last day I draw the breath o' life!—ochown, take it off o' me, an' may you reign long in glory, an' die happy!—It's an innocent boy that axes you, my Lord the Lieutenant—it's an innocent poor boy!—Say the word out o' your mouth, say the word, an' 'dô a good action! say the word, an'——"

"Well, well, well, man"—interrupted the Double, his fears now only divided between the uncertainty whether he had to do with a Wild-Irish assassin, or a Wild-Irish madman—"d—don't you pull me about so, and we shall see—let go the bridle and I *will* say the word—there—stand aside, now, and you may regard yourself as a free man."

"Hurrah!" screamed Cahill, jumping up a good height from the ground, as he smote his breast in utter joy—"Peery O'Dea, inside the fence there, do you hear that?"

"Hurrah! an' it's I that do!" answered Peery, with another shout, discovering himself.

"It's off o' me! it's off o' me!" continued Cahill, hugging his brother-in-law,—"isn't id, your honour-in-glory—isn't id?"

"It is, it is—to be sure it is—have I not said so? I revoke every thing—only won't you and the other man move away from my horse's head? So good day to

you both—all's right—good day——” and seeing the road at last clear before him, the speaker gave spur and rein to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment—ay, and out of Ireland in some hours after, from the nearest sea-port, cured, in a degree, of performing his absurd and miserable impostures in it.

“There you go, an’ may honour an, glory be in your road, afore you!”—Cahill continued to shout.

“There you go, an’ may you never know what it is to have a heart as heavy as the hearts you’re afther makin’ happy, this day!”—added Peery.

“Stand!” cried a voice at their backs—“one of you is Cahill, the outlaw.” They turned and saw half a dozen police, who, with presented carbines, immediately surrounded them.

“Bother, boys, wid your “stand!”—answered Ned—“I’m Cahill, sure enough, but no outlaw, this blessed day, thank God, an’ his honour the Lord Lieutenant! Hurrah!”—he jumped again.

“Come, come—your arms”—said the serjeant of the party.

“Arms? sorrow a one I have, barrin’ the two God gave me;—a little while ago, to tell thruth, I had a sort of an ould pistol wid me—but I sint the bullet of id up into the air, an’ itself afther the bullet, to the divvle, entirely—an’ it’s my word I give you, mather Peelers, honies, that, from this day, out”——

“Search him”—interrupted the sergeant.

“Here, then—sarch—sarch, sarch—oh, wid all my heart. I tell you, boys, it’s only givin’ yourself trouble for nothin.”

“Fall in with the men, then, and march for jail,” resumed the serjeant, when the useless search was ended.

“Jail? me march for jail? ye’re mad to spake of id. It’s more than your lives are worth to use the words. Take great care what ye’re for doin.”

"Come, fall in:—where are the handcuffs?"

"Handcuffs?" as he heard them jingling—"have a care o' your behaviour to me, I tell you once agin!" ejaculated Cahill, while he vainly resisted the strength used to manacle his hands—"his own self took the ban off o' me, masther Peelers—his own self, my Lord the Lieutenant, only a minute ago, an' on this very blessed spot! ay, ye may laugh at me; bud I say he did! an' here's Peery O'Dea that's ready to say the same thing, for he hard an' seen him! didn't you, Peery, didn't you?"

Peery proved, indeed, a ready witness; but still the police sneered, until, after glancing down the road, in the direction of Mr. Lowe's house, the serjeant said, "well, Cahill, now's the time to get grace from us, if your words are true,"—the man's tone was still deriding—"here comes his Excellency."

"Which way?" demanded Cahill, glancing up and ~~down the~~ road, in great astonishment—"Eh? the gentleman ridin' up to us wid Mr. Lowe an' the officers! Stop—wait—stop—eh? By the powers o' man; an' it is sure enough, however the divvle—or by the Lord's will—he got there! Peery! Peery, *avich!*"—

"Shove aside, and clear the road," said the serjeant. The police and their prisoners accordingly stood at the fence, the men presenting arms. The Lord Lieutenant stopped before them, and was about to ask what was the matter, when Cahill broke forward, and falling almost prostrate, with his manacled hands, prayed his Excellency to look on him; and remember him well, and say whether or no he had not, a few moments before, pardoned him his offences; and at the same time he again shouted out for Peery O'Dea to support his assertion.

"The man must be mad"—said the Lord Lieutenant to Mr. Lowe;—"both of them must be so: I have

never seen either of them in my life before; and yet how apparently sincere is their earnestness; one of them weeps."

At the sound of his Excellency's voice, Cahill started up, staring in misgiving and dismay on the face of the speaker; and again he called, in a whisper, "Peery! Peery, *avich!*" as if for counsel.

"Nò, Ned, *asthore*," replied Peery, after making his own observations, "'tisn't himself is afore us—or it is himself, I mane—or else there's two o' them—or, it was the ould divvle that came the road, first of all, to make you go thro' wid the foolish thought o' your mind, an' get you taken agin!"

While the Lord Lieutenant still spoke in an under tone with Mr. Lowe, the sergeant of the police advanced to recapture Cahill. Peery O'Dea now sprang forward and continued, in a loud, wailing voice—"But since they have you the second turn, Ned, it's time for me to do what I said!—Plaise your lordship, Ned Cahill, my wife's brither, tho' he broke jail, is as innocent as my own *weenoch* o' what sent him there!—I am the man—I, Peery O'Dea, that headed the boys up to the house, for the arms that night,—and Ned wasn't wid us at all, only met me on the road, after we got what we went for—an' forced my gun for me, an' stood to be saized by the Peelers! an' this is the holy thruth, an' I'll get your honor plenty o' witnesses to say so;—an' now, sure your Majisty 'ill just tell them to let him go, and take me in his place, an'!"—

"Don't put thrust in a word the fool of a boy is sayin' glory to your lordship," interrupted Cahill—"the head of him is cracked, because I'm poor Mary's brother, an' he's often not in his right mind; 'twas in my hands the gun was found—an' 'twas I that broke jail—and, by course, it's I that ought to go to jail over agin;

an' so, mister sergeant—now, the Lord save us! an' what's this!"

Mary O'Dea held him in her arms, sobbing and weeping aloud. "To jail you'll never go, brother Ned, *machree!*"—she cried—"never, never, praise to the good God, an' our good Lord Lieutenant!"—"Avich, you poor cratur; an' did that desaitful divvle come across you, too, an' make you all manner o' promises?" asked Cahill, returning her embraces. "Your honour, my lord!" continued Mary, "spake the word you promised me!"

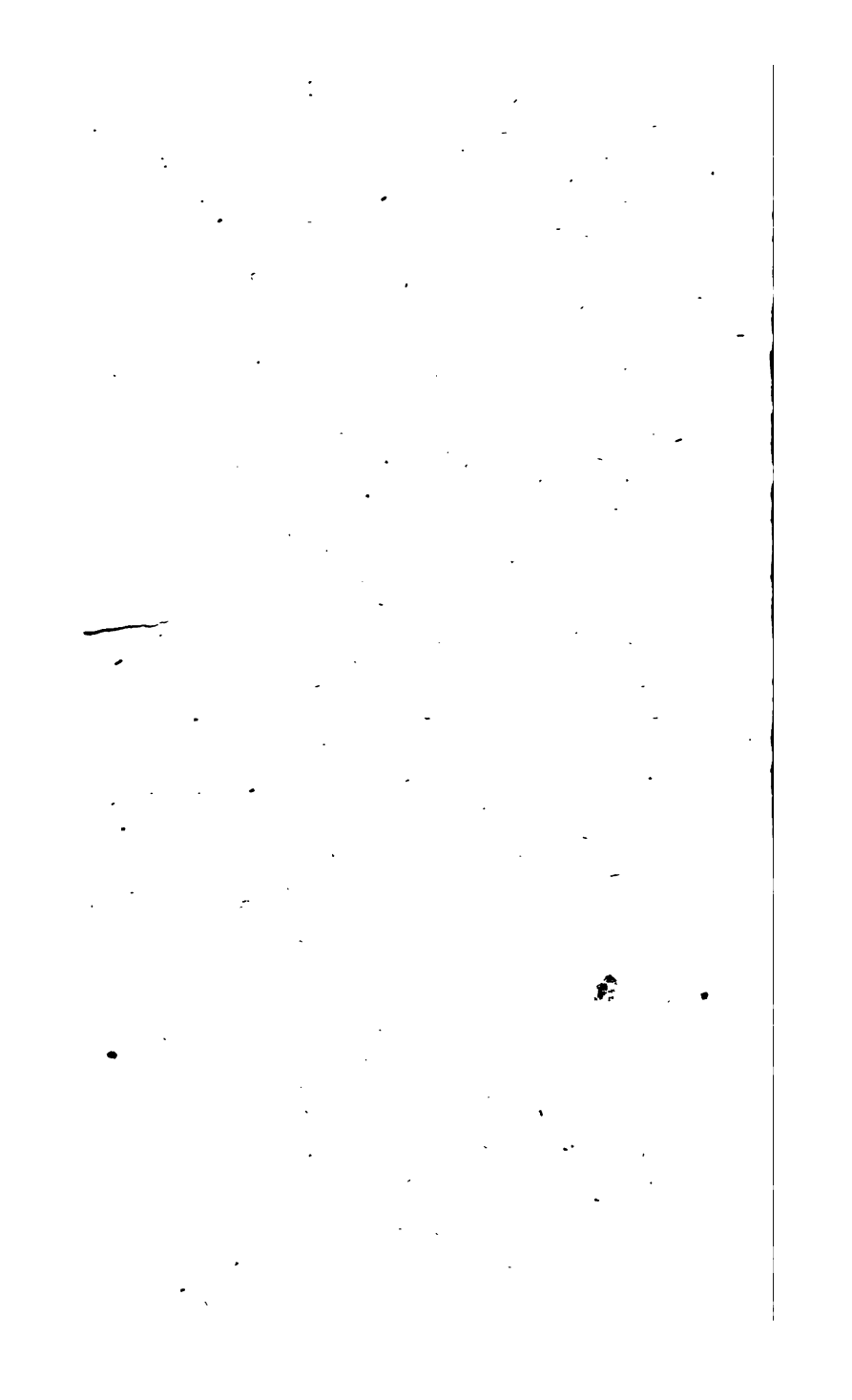
Addressing Mr. Lowe, his Excellency, touched and affected, turned his horse's head—"Pray sir, explain to the poor people." "Cahill," said Mr. Lowe, "your sister has saved you; at least confirmed the Lord Lieutenant's merciful dispositions towards you, previously formed out of other circumstances. She contrived to meet his Excellency before my house this morning, and, on condition that a considerable depôt of concealed arms—discovered by her, she has not said how," (Cahill glanced from Mary to Peery)—"should be delivered up, obtained your pardon. The tranquillity of the country for the last year, a word in your favour, from your priest and others, and indeed from myself, and a wish to show the deluded people that they will be treated mercifully, whenever they, themselves, afford the opportunity,—all this helped your sister's prayers. Thank his Excellency. You are a free man."

That Cahill did as he was bid, it would be idle to enforce. Neither is it necessary to describe the joy of the re-united family. But, indeed, kind readers, contradictory as the thing may sound,—men made of mortal materials, similar to those which we believe you like in the brothers-in-law, Ned and Peery, often plunder arms, in some Irish counties, nay—(and, alas for the admis-

sion!) use them fearfully, too. Let us hope and pray, however, that such an Irish Lord Lieutenant as we here have sketched for you, acting under the wise instructions which shape his own excellent feelings and inclinations, may soon gain possession of all the hidden depôts of distraction, accumulated by the wretched people.

As for his Double—

“Peery, *avich*,” said Cahill, after they and Mary had been left alone on the road, “let us run hard, straight-a-head, an’ thry an’ lay hould o’ that brute-baste of a pretendher!”



JOHN SMITH.

BY EDWARD MAYHEW, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "MAKE YOUR WILLS,"
AND OTHER DRAMAS.

JOHN SMITH was an able-bodied Scotchman, who, some twenty years ago, supported the drama at Kelso. To all appearance, John was a man capable of supporting any thing; yet, by a trick of fortune, he never was, during his eventful life, capable with ease of supporting himself. At Kelso, he was a favourite. The "nobility, gentry, inhabitants of Kelso and its vicinity," admired his manner of representing a fictitious character as much as they despised his personation of a real one. His style of acting was, "to do the most he could with a part." He was forcible. If he did not master the passions, it was not for want of effort, for he grappled them with stentorian vigour. He "gave them all breath;" not depending for applause, like some of the lazy London players, upon the author's merits. No, he trusted to nature—the spur of the moment—and let his feelings have fair play. Shakespeare and Fitzball he treated with equal respect: he never studied a word out of either; but extemporised most fluently.

Alas, for genius! Bread and cheese, and first parts,

were all John Smith's reward; who, there is reason to believe, was called to play knife and fork with more rarity than gentlemen of less "liberal" professions. The test of ability is the power to overcome difficulties. John could not master his poverty, but he despised it, which feeling the inhabitants of Kelso shared with him. They esteemed men in proportion to their wealth; John's soul was superior to such meanness—he valued himself in proportion to his indigence, which was extreme.

"The noblest study of mankind is man." John studied man, and that man was himself. If self-knowledge be indeed the highest wisdom, he lost no pains in endeavouring to acquire it; for he thought of nothing but himself—spoke of nothing but himself—regarded nothing but himself. If another mentioned the peculiarities of Kamschatka, he particularized on his benefit at Kalcardy: were the part played by ministers to the nation discussed, he told you of the parts he had played in the country. Should any one mention a neighbour who had died, and left his business in confusion, he detailed his "business" when he "died" in Richard. John would always hammer it into the heads of those who were near him, that he was a person of singular importance; to which end his conversation ever began with the first person singular: his egotism was indeed imperturbable nothing could destroy it. Yet never did a man more literally "keep himself to himself," for it was impossible to attract him to any other subject even for an instant. The head of this histrionic hero was "full of strange conceits;" for John was vain as his own endeavours to speak three lines correctly.

In personal appearance, Mr. Smith was not even "shabby genteel." Shakespeare says garments "cleave not to the body save by the aid of use." Now John, as if to disprove the bard, who was eternally bothering

him, wore garments in themselves witnesses of long usage; but which, nevertheless, hung around the tragedian's form in most unfashionable drapery. A rusty brown coat, to whose surface time had, as the continued running of the gentle brook is said to do to the pebble, leant a uniform and pleasant polish; trousers patched at the knees, and ragged at the heels; a hat of that convenient sort which could suffer no injury from the severest weather; and shoes worn, we regret to say, still less for use than ornament,—completed the dress of “the leading man” of Kelso—whom we must leave to do the horrible, and draw very large houses into the very little back-parlour of a road-side public, graced *pro tem.* with the name of “Theatre Royal.”

It was during “the season” at Kelso, that a villain also yclept John, disgraced the patrician name of Smith. Yet even this fellow had some people to speak well of him. He was said by these to be a free-hearted man, who would give when he had it—which being seldom, his generosity was the more creditable; and by an oblique principle of equity, he would take when he had it not—which being commonly the case, he soon became notorious. This second John, or as he was called *Jock* Smith, loved the old freebooter's maxim of robbing the rich to give to the poor. Thus he was particular never to enter the houses but of the wealthiest; and as he generally knew more of his own distresses than he cared to know of any one else's, he invariably put into his pocket such little trifles as took his fancy during his visit. Having called one evening at Roxborough Castle, he was, much against his own desire, detained; and the next morning *Jock* Smith was honoured with an ample escort, and “lodged” with full probability of being “done for” into the bargain, in the ancient

jail of the equally ancient and respectable town of Jedborough.

This edifice had been famed for having held men, of yore, whose strength was always described in proportion to that of the narrator's imagination. It had confined those who lived before improvements degenerated our race, and possessed a reputation for tenacity equalled only by that of the Court of Chancery. Perhaps this might have arisen from the circumstance of "Jæddart law" having been in full force during the old Border times—by virtue of which, men were executed first, and tried afterwards. For, as the high-minded bailies of those chivalrous times declared, "No Scotchman could live under suspicion!"—In support of which principle, they used to hang a man the moment he *was* suspected. Now though the existing bailies of Jedborough had equal confidence in the security of their jail with that of the ancient mariner in the boat which had carried him without repair for thirty years—yet, piously feeling that nothing on earth was to be wholly trusted, they engaged a sherra' officer, named Pate Poinden, to make "assurance doubly sure," by watching every night on the *outside* of the jail, while the regular turnkey kept watch and ward *within*.

Pate Poinden was a man of groaning dimensions, whose qualifications, the worthy who recommended his employment shall describe.

"An auld and excellent public servant showing no respect to any person in the execution of the magistrates, their orders, and commands; perfectly honest, strong and able to put in force the law against all refractory lieges; fond o' a dram; but wha, was not?—yet never known to take more than one glass—at a time; and never fou before breakfast."

Such a recommendation was irresistible; all thought of opposing it was silenced in one glow of admiration.

Pate was duly appointed to the post of "supernumerary force" of Jedborough jail, and installed with all due honours.

The duty he had to perform was to mount guard at sun-down upon the top of a massive flight of stone steps, which led to the gate of the prison. From this post Pate commanded a full front view of the window of the cell wherein Jock Smith had residence, which was in the second story of the building, immediately under the town clock, whose cumbersome and old-fashioned works occupied the apartment above.

It is possible that the noise made by this "record of the times," disturbed Mr. Smith's repose; but be that as it may, he found his present lodgings far from comfortable. Distraction was what Jock could not endure. Like the lily ravished from the freedom of its native vale, he "pined and drooped, and hung his pretty head." The doctors visited him; for it is customary to take special care of the lives of those whom the law hath decreed are *not* to live. His nerves were said to be effected, and tonics were requisite to restore him to good hanging order. Strong preparations of iron were therefore recommended to be administered. The friends of the prisoner heard and approved the prescription, and one of them gave him a *crowbar*, which he "took" with avidity, and was reported by the visiting physician, after he had it, to be doing well.

Hitherto, Jock had only studied the readiest means of entering houses: he now employed his wits upon the readiest means of quitting one.

On the same day that Jock Smith took the crowbar which effected his recovery, Pate Poinden, as sherra' officer, "took the arm" of a gentleman who was under suspicion of debt. The said gentleman, being utterly insolvent, was, as a natural consequence, recklessly generous. Pate treated him with civility—he treated

Pate with whisky; and had the prisoner been inclined to escape, the officer was soon in a state capable of offering little resistance; but the gentleman respected the laws of his country, and none more than those which relate to insolvents—of the benefit whereof he had frequently availed himself. He led the tottering bailiff to the jail, and there surrendered himself to justice!

It was by this time the hour for pate to mount guard, and he with difficulty seated himself on the top of the stone stairs; for standing was at present out of the question. Whatever partiality the sherra' officer might evince in other instances, he was, in all that concerned law, an enemy to the *spirit*. He loved the *letter*; and finding himself inclined to sleep, it occurred to him that, when the agreement was made, nothing had been particularized about his remaining awake; so he cradled himself against the massy balustrade, and, rocked by the busy spirit within, gave way to the soft suggestions of "nature's nurse."

Now, while Pate was below sleeping, Jock was up and wide awake. Midnight was coming round; and Mr. Smith, knowing that his life was no longer his own, felt no hesitation in risking it by an attempt to escape. He poised the crowbar over his right shoulder, and, with expectation big, awaited the tolling of the mystic hour of twelve. The warning of the striking of the old crazy clock came with a whirring sort of a sound; and as the clapper gave its first clang, Jock dealt a powerful blow on one of the stancheons of the window—the bar snapped in the middle. This feat he repeated with every succeeding stroke of the clock, carefully beating time so as to let the blow jump with the bell; and when the hour of twelve had fully sounded, six perpendicular and as many horizontal bars to freedom dangled uselessly in their sockets. Two of the

pieces he secured; and getting upon the sill of the window, he descended on the outside, hanging by one hand; and reaching as far down as possible with the other, he insinuated one of the broken bars between the joints of the freestone. This, by dint of a little wriggling and an occasional hearty kick, he secured firmly enough to support his weight. He then hung by this bar in the same manner as he had done from the sill above, and repeating the operation, was enabled to gain a window on the story beneath his cell.

Just under him, and within four yards or so of Jock's present position, was the stone stair which led to the gate of the prison, on the top of which, as the reader knows, that active and vigilant officer, Pate Poinden, was left "peaceful slumbering." Jock had encountered greater dangers than a leap of twelve feet, which, before the hour of twelve, hardly entered into his calculations of difficulties to be overcome; but what made him hesitate was the fair proportions of Mr. Poinden's corporation, which looked as if a well-shaken feather bed had been placed there to break the culprit's fall, who had no scruples—considerate soul!—as to what his fall might break in return. There was no avoiding the encounter, for the officer, stretched at his ease, had taken his position so admirably, that the whole ground was occupied, and it was impossible for the enemy to drop there without alarming him. Seeing this, Jock determined to turn the circumstance to his advantage, by falling as far as he could into the pit of Pate's stomach, and, to prevent that gentleman's calling for assistance, driving the breath out of his body.

No sooner thought than done; for gentlemen under such delicate circumstances learn to detest procrastination. He sprang out from the wall, and came with praiseworthy exactness upon the very particular part

he had selected in Mr. Poinden's carcass, who gave intimation of Jock's arrival by a grant of superhuman duration.

Jock was cruel enough to repose for a minute or so on the unfortunate crouched beneath him, and lay heavy upon poor Poinden's chest; then, having recovered himself, he started up, and left his guard to do the same at leisure; of which permission, however, the sherra officer never availed himself, for, while folded in sleep, he got doubled up for ever. He walks crooked to this day!

The magnitude of Pate's alarm was excessive, for it spread itself all over the district and beyond. Rumours of a most terrific kind were circulated, all equally extraordinary, contradictory, and false. The bailies met in council; Pate was declared a sufferer in the cause of his country; and, to prove they were perfectly satisfied with their own conduct, they applauded their officer to the very echo—who being by "the accident" perfectly incapacitated, they lost no time in installing him, with additional honours and salary, in a situation that had hitherto been enjoyed by a valuable and industrious servant. Letters were written to the surrounding justices. Bills, offering reward for the apprehension of the scoundrel who refused to stop where he was and be hanged, were posted over the country; and no step left untaken which held out a hope of recapturing that notorious and daring burglar, by name JOHN SMITH.

Theatricals, in the interim, had prospered in Kelso. Mr. Smith continued a decided favourite: the audience always applauded whenever he left the stage; and, to crown that gentleman's happiness, the editor of a provincial paper discovered he had attentively studied Mr. John Kemble's style of acting. This was a new scent

for the player's vanity, who soon found out that he resembled Mr. Kemble not only in his points, but in his person also. He began to frown, and strut, and whine, and added to his usual talk of himself a good deal about the classics, and the Kembles who had done so much for the drama. He even persuaded the poor manager to announce the tragedy of "Hamlet" for performance, that he might have an opportunity of proving to the audience the justness of the scribe's flattering discovery.

Hamlet *was* announced. For once Smith endeavoured to get the words of a part into his head. He tried to study Hamlet; that is, he puzzled his ingenuity in hunting after "new readings," or, in other terms, laboured hard to turn common sense into uncommon nonsense; and he at length found out one point of original and incomprehensible value: it was this. After Hamlet had apostrophized over Yorick's skull, in the the churchyard scene of the fifth act, to approach the grave-digger, seize him by the collar, and say to him, "Get *thee* to *my* lady's chamber, and tell her, though she paint an inch thick to this complexion, she must come;" then to dash the skull violently upon the stage, and, striking an attitude, wait for the applause. Mr. Smith's opinion of this reading was such as made him particular in his injunction to the ragged and miserable being called—as in derision—*property*-man, about obtaining a peculiar kind of skull, one that would look natural, old and brown, as by long deposit in the earth it should do.

Night came. The early acts of the tragedy went off quietly enough. Mr. Smith was philosophically monotonous—hinting behind the scenes to his fellow-actors that he was reserving himself for *his* fifth act. Alas! all human calculations are subject to circumstance; the *property*-man had tried in vain to borrow a skull: there

was none above-ground in Kelso but such as were in actual use by their owners. What was to be done? It occurred to the man that a bone of any sort was better than none at all; and as the players were eternally substituting that which was not for that which ought to be, he could see no reason why they could not substitute a beef shin-bone for a human skull, especially when his trouble was taken into consideration. Accordingly, he borrowed a fine fresh one from a theatrical-patronizing butcher; and, perfectly satisfied with his part of the business, carried it to the theatre.

Poor Smith, wrapped mysteriously in an old plaid cloak, came on for "his great scene." As the new reading approached, he grew more confident in its effect. But his confidence deserted him when he saw the huge leg of an ox cast upon the stage instead of the well-seasoned head-piece of the king's jester. Experience made him fear there was no hope left, and he knew that, as on former occasions, the author must give way to the property-man.

"Whose sku—no—oh—(*confusion!*)—whose what-do-you-call-'em is this?"

"That," replied the gravedigger, "is the *thigh-bone* of Yorick."

"This!" continued Hamlet, taking the enormous marrow-bone into his hand, and trying to look at it pathetically; "I knew him well, Horatio! Here hung those *lips*—no—(*scoundrel!*) Here, dear Horatio, hung those *hips* which I have kissed—I mean climbed—I know not how oft!"

Having cleared the shore, he sailed on smoothly. The "generous and enlightened" of Kelso comprehended nothing wrong, and Mr. Smith's *point* made the audience thunder. In the dying scene he spake so low and tumbled so high, that, if his resemblance to Mr. Kemble required confirmation, it was derived from the

circumstance of Hamlet being also declared *his* crack part. Smith enjoyed his triumph; but formed a resolution that, for the future, to prevent mistakes, he would carry about a skull of his own.

The season at Kelso ended on the night of Jock's escape from Jedborough jail. The manager of the Edinburgh "Minor" having secured the aid of Mr. Smith, that gentleman strung a small bundle to the end of his stage-sword, and poising both on his shoulder, set out on foot for Modern Athens.

On the road, John could not help looking back with pity on his poor fellow-actors who, he doubted not, would starve now deprived of his support. He could not conceal from himself that the Duchess of R—— had patronized the theatre wholly on his account, as was satisfactorily proved by the smiles she cast upon his tragedy, and the manner in which she kept talking to a lady beside her during the whole time he was on the stage. Our friend walked some fifteen miles of his journey without either adventure or mishap; when, drawing near the town of Lauder, he resolved to rest awhile and look about him.

As he entered the town, he observed a number of people staring at a large placard which had been recently stuck upon the door of a smithy. He glanced at it as he passed, thinking nothing could attract such a crowd but some important theatrical announcement; but distinguishing the words "CONDEMNED FELON," "ESCAPED," "100*l.* REWARD," he turned his head in contempt, and with proper dignity proceeded on his way.

A little further, and he fronted the kirk-yard.

A funeral was being performed, which, from the unusual number of mourners and spectators, he concluded formed the good-bye to some person of respectable pro-

perty. It was, indeed, that of a lady who had terminated a course of upwards of a hundred years. She had, good soul! lived to see all her friends drop off one by one, and died single as she had promised to do; for in early life being "disappointed," she ever after, like a burnt child, avoided the fire—wasting her affection upon cats—avoiding men; deserting the unfeeling for the feline race. Being wealthy and without heirs, she had left her substance to the corporation, and the civil body were polite enough to follow her body to the grave. The funeral was, for Lauder, magnificent. The minister of the kirk was there, the precentor, the head bailie, the provost, all the other bailies, the doctor, the lawyer, the town-drummer, and such a mob of idlers and bairns as beggared description.

John paused. Resolved, in imitation of Mr. Kemble, to let no opportunity escape him of studying nature, he thought he might get à hint for the churchyard scene of Hamlet, or scrape acquaintance with a Scotch gravedigger: one thing he was most anxious to achieve, and that was to procure a good skull (should such an article turn up from the newly-opened grave,) and thus prevent a recurrence of the distressing circumstance wherein he had been placed a few nights previous.

The ceremony concluded, Mr. Smith was surprised to see the people, instead of leaving the ground, separate into small groups and converse earnestly—some of them occasionally producing printed papers, which he thought looked very like play-bills. What the subject was that created such general interest, our friend of the sock and buskin could not imagine; but as he was kicking a skull, and meditating *boning* it, he perceived that he was an object of particular attention to three highly respectable gentlemen who stood a few yards from him. One of the three, a fat important looking personage, with stout legs and a rubicund nose,

surveyed him apparently with the most affectionate regard. When Mr. Smith's eyes met his he modestly withdrew his scrutiny, but immediately after renewed it with what appeared to our friend increased respect.

Poor Smith! he knew not, nor, had he known, would he have believed, that the magistrates of Lauder were mistaking him of "*the* profession" for a convicted felon! but such was really the case. His dingy habiliments, pedestrian appearance, and the manner in which he obviously tried to assume some character not natural to him, all pointed him out to the vigilant and over-anxious bailies of Lauder as the "Jock Smith" it would redound to juridical activity to re-capture.

"For the honour o' the toon!" he overheard one say: and what, thought he, can I have to do with the honour of Lauder?

"Ask him to step there; we can a' meet him in an instant;" he heard another say.

"Meet *me*!" echoed Mr. Smith, almost aloud. "Are they going to ask me to dinner? Can any of these respectable gentlemen have seen my HAMLET?"

Vanity answered the question in the affirmative, and the tragedian persuaded himself he had found the key to this apparent mystery. One of the gentlemen must have witnessed his performance of Hamlet at Kelso, and was debating as to the propriety of asking a person of his talents and accomplishments to dine with them before he proceeded to Edinburgh.

No pool is so thick with vapours as vanity; and Mr. Smith's conceit lost all curb when he saw the individual who appeared to be the head of the party pull from his pocket a newspaper, and point to a portion of its printed pages as to something worthy particular notice. John easily recognised the head-line of the print. It was the very provincial journal which contained the flattering discovery concerning his resemblance to John

Philip Kemble. When Mr. Smith ascertained this, he intentionally glanced in another direction, to give the readers of the paragraph a more imposing view of his figure. He commenced a series of frowns—and distortions—putting himself through a vast variety of postures, such as he thought best calculated for the prominent display of the likeness. He observed that his movements were strictly watched, and mistook the expression of the bailies' countenances (who were wondering what the deuce "Jock" could be at) for engrossing feelings of admiration.

Having at length tired his body, and exhausted his fancy, Mr. Smith assumed an easy position, intended to be emblematical of deep mental abstraction, and therein awaited the result of his efforts, which he nothing doubted would be an instantaneous and pressing invitation to honour the head bailie with his company to dinner.

One of the gentlemen now separated from the rest, and stepped forward in a hesitating manner. "Oh, oh!" thought Smith: "I knew it—here comes the invitation!" However, the gentleman advanced not far, but having cleared his throat with a preliminary hem, stood staring at the actor from a most respectful distance.

"Poor fellow!" soliloquised Smith, "he's evidently not gifted with a good address; he can't speak out; and being aware of the defect, doesn't like to commit himself before me who am in *the* profession. They wish to make my acquaintance, but, good creatures, don't know how to set about it. As there is no mutual friend to undertake the ceremony of a formal introduction, I can have no objection to meet them half way."

In the spirit of amiable concession, Mr. Smith lowered his sword and bundle from his shoulder, and ra-

diating his expressive countenance with an encouraging blandness, was about to advance; when to his surprise, the other, seeing his intention, suddenly retreated, and with painful trepidation rejoined his companions, who appeared to sympathize in his extraordinary timidity.

This puzzled Smith more than all the rest. He could by no means make out why the bailies should *fear* a gentleman whose acquaintance it was evident they were anxious to cultivate. After such conduct, of course, *he* could not be the party to make any new advances.

There now commenced a very earnest and angry discussion between the trio. John, listening, heard the words "*honour*"—"a *duty*"—"must be"—"*not a moment to lose*"—"lose sight of him;" and at length he distinctly made out a whole sentence, purporting that *they would be eternally disgraced in the eyes of Scotland, if SMITH passed through their town and was not detained.*

John's vanity was his most hungry feeling, and it thrived when it was fed—it grew apace. Mr. Smith was now, in his own eyes, superior to the magistrates of Lauder; and the dinner, since it appeared certain, was shorn of much of its attraction. He resolved not to demean himself by waiting about in order to be asked. Let them send after him, if they desired his company!—and even then, he was dubious if he should accept the invitation. Hereupon, John left the kirk-yard, though not without casting many a "lingering look behind."

"You're a hen, Bailie Jeely!"—cried the head magistrate, addressing his less bulky colleague, when Mr. Smith had departed.

"Vara weel, vara weel; but ye'll na' be the cock to crow o'er me if I am," replied the other: "and since ye

force a man to speak, I'll be free to tell ye, that the chiel dinna answer the discreption given o' the felon."

"And what ha'-the discreption to do wi' it?" asked the former. "Ye ken, when I took Laury Todd for horse-stealing agin the advice o' the whole collected burgess' o' the toon. Now wat made me suspect that chiel? Why, wat but his being sae unlike the discreption? I thought the difference maun be unnatural. And was na' I right? Besides, if ye had as much wit in your brains as parridge in your craws, ye'd ken thea folk can tak wat form they choose. Why, mon, it's weel authenticated, that a Border chiel called Robin Hood took the form o' a lassie sae perfectly that he actually imposed on an epeescopal beeshoop."

This assertion of the head bailie's, supported as it was by so high an example, at once decided the question; and the three worthies became convinced that no evidence of a stranger's being a-convicted felon could be so strong as his looking as unlike one as possible.

The constable was sent for—a huge-boned son o' the north, Mac Nabben by name—who received his instructions from the head bailie in person.

"Nicol Mac Nabben, ye ken, o' the bonny bairn wha ha' been too glib for the sleepies o' Jedbro? My certies! if he has na' been here, wi' his black ill-favoured face among honest folk, and in the kirk-yard too. Lord preserve us! wi' his hat cocked on yae side o' his head, just as if he was *sterling*, and could pay twenty shillings in the pound."

Here the worthy magistrate gave an elaborate description of Mr. Smith's person, whereby Mac Nabben was to know that gentleman when overtaken on the Edinburgh road, in which direction they had seen him turn, after leaving the kirk-yard.

"Ye'll just gang up to him," continued the bailie, "and say, Braw day for the ta'l o' th' Hairst, freend

Smith. Noo, if he's prepared, he'll tack nae possible notice o' ye using his name; so ye'll coller him at aince, for that's proof poositive o' his identity. Or may be he'll just look round and nae stop; then after him like mad, mon. But if he should sae betray himsel' as to answer your salutation, ye'll tell him I'm desiring to speak wi' him, and let him come back decently if he wull; but mind, Nicol, and tak' two braw fellows wi' ye in case o' resistance."

Mac Nabben received his orders and departed.

"A braw day this for the tail o' th' Hairst, freend *Smith*," our hero heard some one call out just as he was debating within himself whether, after having *declined* dining with the Lauder bailies, it should be two-penny or whiskey at the next public-house.

"No doubt it is," replied the tragedian to a familiar-looking personage, who appeared sadly blown with over-exertion in walking; "although I profess to know little of such matters."

"Oh! deed, ay," responded Mac Nabben, at the same time leering at the player, and winking his eye: "Your buzness lies more indoors than out, as folk in the neighbourhood of Kelso can testify."

"Kelso!" said Mr. Smith, at once cordially meeting the other's advances, which he now looked upon as tributes to fame and histrionic genius. "Did you ever see my HAMLET?"

"Eh! I canna weel say," answered the constable, who had a vague idea that there was such a word as *Hamlet* in being, but had not the remotest notion as to what it implied.

"You should have seen it," resumed the player, lost in comfortable egotism; "every point told—the Duchess of R—— applauded me; and I make no doubt I shall have her countenance at Edinburgh."

"Only to think o' this scoundrel!" thought Mac Nabben, "talking of his being countenanced in his evil doings by her Grace. Eh! mercy on us!"

"Did you never see me die?" asked Smith, with a look of lofty conceit.

Mac Nabben shook his head, and laughed outright at the idea of being asked such a question.

"When I came to the business in the last scene," said the tragedian, "I saw the duchess was trying to suppress her feelings; but I said to myself, 'It's no use, old girl! I'll make you blow your nose before I've done with you!' So, in the dying speech, I went it. The noble dame was melted into weakness. I saw her blubbering just before the drop fell."

"Eh!" exclaimed Mac Nabben, horrified at what appeared to him a blasphemous violation of all decent established regulations for lying; "the fellow wants to persuade me he's snug wi' a duchess, who ha' cried her een out when he was hanged. Lord preserve us! —Hooly a bit," he added, indignantly; "there are some gentlemon wad be verra glad to see ye at Lauder."

"To see me?—really—I," stammered the tragedian, who thought it more genteel to hesitate a little before he accepted the invitation.

"I was directed by the provost to *insist* o' your coming; and," continued the constable, pointing to two doughty-looking men who hovered and tacked in the distance, "you see twa chiefs; they wul join wi' me, I'm sure, in persuading ye to gie us a night or so of your company in Lauder." At the same time he measured poor Smith most impudently from top to toe with his eye.

"Oh, certainly," simpered the player, as he reversed the line of his journey. "I can't refuse so pressing an invitation, I shall be most happy."

Accordingly they marched back to Lauder, Smith becoming every moment more exalted in his own estimation; so that, when they were in sight of the place, he stopped, and telling the men he was by no means displeased with the respect shown him, bargained that they should not divulge his name as he went along, or make his re-entry into the town a public affair. The fellow mistook Smith's motive for this desire, but consented to oblige him in it.

Nevertheless, as they approached Lauder, they grew more and more impertinently bold—dropping the respectful appellation of *Mr. Smith*, and substituting the abbreviation “Jock,”—which the representative of princes, though he felt it was far too free for a menial, graciously constrained himself in his benignity to endure.

The party proceeded through the town; the mistaken player, unconscious of his situation, receiving the rude stare of the inhabitants as further proof of his own importance. John was ushered up the steps which led to the town-hall; the interior of which consisted of a large room, the further end whereof was now occupied by the bailies of Lauder, and a considerable number of their friends and acquaintances.

The entrance of the supposed culprit was marked by a general elongation of necks, and a buzz of self-approval from the assembled bench. The head bailie got upon his legs; and, having requested silence, was going to address the alleged culprit, when to the surprise of all, Mr. Smith tripped into the centre of the apartment, and placing his hand upon his breast, made three profound bows.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” he began: “In consequence of the very flattering manner in which ——”

“Hoot! hoot! hoot!” interrupted the head bailie, “Wat's your name, mon!”

"Smith, sir ; Mr. Smith," replied the player, bowing.

The announcement was received with a murmur of congratulation. Our hero recovered his confidence, which had been somewhat disconcerted by the head bailie's interruption. "Oh !" thought he, "they did not know me at first. It's all right now."

"And your christian name, sir ?"

"John, sir. Mr. *John* Smith, at your service."

The murmur was repeated in a louder strain, mingled with exclamations of "It is he ! It is he !"

"How disappointed they would all have been if I had not returned to dinner !" said the actor to himself.

"Was na fright aboot descreeption ?" asked the gentleman on his legs.

"I have come here in consequence of a request that was brought me in the name of your worships."

"Ay, ay ! we're right glad to see you ; you shall be taken good care o' this time, *Misther* Smith."

"I'm sure I feel myself honoured. I can't express the pleasure it gives me," replied he of the sock and buskin, simpering and bending almost to the floor.

"Weel, cried the head bailie, "the man's impudence is beyond all ;" and feeling naturally shocked at the levity of a wretch who might be looked on as standing at the foot of the gallows, he ordered Mac Nabben to "remove the *prisoner*."

"Prisoner ! prisoner ! eh ! what ? Remove where ?" ejaculated Smith to the men who laid hold of him by the collar, and now commenced dragging him out of the hall.

The truth was soon elicited ; and in the first flush of his confusion he might have been conveyed to a dungeon in silence, had not the magistrate countermanded his orders—intimating that the wretched prisoner, perhaps wished to relieve his conscience by making an

ample and satisfactory confession of his guilt and his accomplices.

A prosy address from the bench gave our hero time to regain his self-possession ; and before the head bailie had ended the harrangue, Mr. Smith had assumed the character of a patriot. He saw, in his person, the liberties of his country outraged, and he resolved, profiting by the occasion, to deliver an oration that should make a deep impression throughout the kingdom. To give greater effect to this resolution, he determined to preserve his temper, treating the magistrates with all proper deference ; and having heard Othello's address to the Venetian senate praised for the sentiment of high respect wherewith it commences, he chose it as his model, occasionally altering the words to suit the present necessity. Having assumed an attitude, he mouthed as follows :

"Most potent—grave and *reverend* bailies !"

"Eh!" shouted a man in black. "Wat's he blaspheming!"

Mr. Smith heeded not the ignorant interruption, but proceeded.

"My very noble and approved good *masters*."

"Masters ! ye'll say lordships when you speak to the bench," cried Mac Nabben.

Smith glanced at the man a look of contempt, and continued.

"That I was invited here to dine, it is most true."

"The mon's drunk wi' raw grain," cried the head of the bench.

"I beg your lordship's pardon," replied the player, "I am perfectly sober."

"Ye're filthy drunk," retorted the magistrate, "and ye're just shamming sober to deceive the bench :—but take him away—put him in strong confinement !"

Again poor Smith was seized, and would this time

have been in reality dragged to prison, had not a person present (who resided at Kelso,) recognised his favourite tragedian during the spouting of Othello's address.

An explanation ensued—Mr. Smith satisfactorily proving the distinction between himself and his less reputable namesake. This altered the position of affairs. The *judges* were converted into *suppliants*. It was in vain they entreated the player to recollect "it was the duty o' an active bailie to commit as many people as possible." He talked of "Liberty!" of "the rights of British subjects!" and the freedom of the king's highway!"—of the value whereof he was too well convinced to give them up for nothing; and when he left Lauder a second time, it was after a good dinner with the head bailie himself, and with a ten pound note in his pocket.

I am bound to acknowledge that I had this story from my old friend Mr. Willie Gordon, who related it as having actually occurred in the places mentioned—though he acknowledged that the names of the *dramatis personæ* had been altered;—an acknowledgment the more necessary, inasmuch as the gentleman who performed the part of Mr. John Smith before the Lauder magistrates, is at the present moment settled in the metropolis as a teacher of elocution.—What was the fate of the felon we pretend not to demonstrate. He probably, as yet, still lives to verify a paraphrase of Butler's well-known couplet:

"He who steals and runs away,
May live to steal another day."

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